Hot Fuzz

by

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WT2
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1 INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY 1

POLICE CONSTABLE NICHOLAS ANGEL bursts through the entrance of a city police station and flashes his warrant card.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Police Constable Nicholas Angel.

2 INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - DAY 2

ANGEL strides down a corridor. His collar number reads 777.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Born and schooled in London. Graduated from Canterbury University in 1993 with a double first in politics and sociology.

INSERT: ANGEL at training college standing amongst dopey looking trainees. They wear navy tee shirts and shorts.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Attended police training college, displaying an impressive aptitude in both field training and theoretical studies.

INSERT: ANGEL running in riot gear down an alley, dodging petrol bombs, storming a fake hostage situation, finishing an exam and holding the paper aloft.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Excelled way beyond peers, passed into the Metropolitan Police Service-

INSERT: ANGEL surrounded by the same dopey faces as before, this time in full uniform, at a graduation parade.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-and soon proved worth as an officer. Establishing both a popularity and an effectiveness in the community-

INSERT: ANGEL talking with elderly people, a Chinese family in their native tongue, young offenders in a hall.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-Furthering his skills with elective training courses in advanced driving-

INSERT: ANGEL doing an elaborate skid in a police car.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-as well as pioneering the use of the mountain bicycle-

INSERT: ANGEL doing an elaborate skid on a police bike.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-and raising office morale with an inventive use of desktop publishing-

INSERT: ANGEL pinning up various notices in bright colours; they read 'BIKE SEED', 'CANTEEN', 'HATE CRIMES'.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-Also became heavily involved in many extra curricular activities and to this day holds the Met record for the 100 metre dash.

INSERT: ANGEL fencing, doing judo, playing chess, bursts through a finishing tape at speed.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-In 2001 began operations in a North London armed response unit-

INSERT: ANGEL bursts into a stairwell of an apartment block as part of an heavily armed response team.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-and received a bravery award for efforts in the resolution of Operation Crackdown-

INSERT: ANGEL storms a room where a wild eyed CRACKHEAD holds a family hostage with a KALISHNIKOV. ANGEL responds fast, firing a short burst. His expression is one of shock.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
-Returning to regular policing, took up current position as a police constable. In the last twelve months alone, has received nine special commendations, achieved the highest arrest record for any officer in the borough and sustained only one injury in the line of duty, last December when wounded by a man dressed as Father Christmas.

3 INT. SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY 3

ANGEL sits opposite a jovial SERGEANT of the same age.

SERGEANT
Hello Nicholas. How's the hand?

ANGEL
Still a bit stiff.

SERGEANT
Hardly fitting for such a good boy.

ANGEL
I'm sorry Sergeant?

SERGEANT
Getting stabbed by Santa.

ANGEL
Right.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

SERGEANT
It can get awfully hairy out there. I'm surprised you hadn't allowed yourself to be snapped up into a nice desk job before. That's what I did.

ANGEL
I know sergeant. I prefer to think my office is out on the street.

SERGEANT
Indeed you do. Your arrest record is 400% higher than any other officer. And your paperwork is really exemplary. You do like to cross the 'I's and dot the 'T's.

ANGEL
Dot the 'I's and cross the 'T's.

SERGEANT
Exactly. And that's why it's high time such skills were put to better use. We're making you Sergeant.

ANGEL
Right.

SERGEANT
(mumbles)
In Sandford, Gloucestershire.

ANGEL
In where sorry?

SERGEANT
In Sandford, Gloucestershire.

ANGEL
That's in the country.

SERGEANT
Yes, lovely.

ANGEL
That's miles away.

SERGEANT
Lovely.

ANGEL
Can't I just wait for a Sergeant's position in London?

SERGEANT
No.

ANGEL
Well, can I just stay here as a P.C.?

SERGEANT
Nooo.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

ANGEL
Do I have any choice in this?

SERGEANT
Noooo.

ANGEL
But, I like it here.

SERGEANT
You always said you wanted to transfer to the country.

ANGEL
In twenty years time maybe.

SERGEANT
Well done you.

ANGEL
Hang on - I don't actually remember telling you that.

SERGEANT
Yes you did, you said-
(slyly looks at notes)
"I'd love to settle down in the country sometime Janine".

ANGEL
I'd like to talk to the Inspector.

SERGEANT
Hey, fine. You can talk to the Inspector, but I promise he'll say the same thing as me.

4 INT. SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY 4

An equally jovial INSPECTOR sits alongside the SERGEANT.

INSPECTOR
Hello Nicholas. How's the hand?

ANGEL
Still a bit stiff.

INSPECTOR
How are things at home?

ANGEL
I'm sorry sir?

INSPECTOR
How's Janine?

ANGEL
We're no longer together sir-

INSPECTOR
So where are you living now?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

SERGEANT
He's in the Section House sir.

INSPECTOR
With all the recruits?

ANGEL
Temporarily yes, but-

INSPECTOR
Well, we must get you out of there.

SERGEANT
Yes, he's living out of cardboard boxes.

INSPECTOR
Well, then you're already packed. Nicholas, we're offering you a smashing position and a delightful cottage in a lovely little place that's been voted 'Village of the Year' I don't know how many times.

SERGEANT
It'll be good for you. We're only asking you to go for nine months.

ANGEL
Nine months!?

INSPECTOR
A year.

SERGEANT
Two years tops.

ANGEL
I really don't know what to say-

INSPECTOR
Just say yes.

SERGEANT
Just say yes, thank you.

ANGEL
No, I'm sorry sir, I want to-

INSPECTOR
-take this higher?

ANGEL
Yes. Yes I do.

INSPECTOR
You want me to bother the Chief Inspector with this?

ANGEL
Yes I do.

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

INSPECTOR
You want me to get the Chief Inspector to come all the way down here?

ANGEL
Yes.

INSPECTOR
Okay. Kenneth!

The jovial CHIEF INSPECTOR (50's) enters. ANGEL stands.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Hello Nicholas. How's the hand?

INSPECTOR & SERGEANT
Still a bit stiff.

ANGEL
Chief Inspector-

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Keep your seat. Now, I know what you're going to say, but the fact is, you're making us all look bad.

ANGEL
I'm sorry sir?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Of course we all appreciate your efforts, but you're rather letting the side down.

ANGEL
But, my record is 400% higher than everyone else.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Exactly...

ANGEL
I'm not sure I-

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Sometimes you've just got to sail the middle path.

INSPECTOR
It's all about being a team player, Nicholas.

SERGEANT
You can't be the Sheriff of London.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
If we let you carry on running around town, you'll just continue to be exceptional and we can't have that. You'll put us all out of job.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3) 4

ANGEL
With the greatest respect, sir. You can't just make people disappear.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
No one's disappearing, sergeant.

ANGEL
That's as maybe, but there's one thing you haven't counted on. What the boys are going to make of this.

ANGEL exits the office and is greeted by every officer in the force, clasping plastic glasses. A makeshift sign made from colour photocopied sheets reads 'GOOD LUCK NICHOLAS'.

5 INT. GROUND FLOOR ESTATE FLAT - DAY 5

A group of Crime Scene Investigators dressed in white protective suits, face masks and goggles, work in a blood spattered room. A mobile rings. One of the CSI's picks up.

JANINE
Hello.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Janine. It's me.

JANINE
I know. I'm at work.

ANGEL (O.S.)
I know. I'm outside.

JANINE turns to see ANGEL outside the window on his mobile.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
What's the situation?

JANINE
You know the situation. We've been over this.

ANGEL
I meant here.

JANINE
Two people involved, distinct signs of a struggle. A complete mess.

ANGEL
You are talking about here?

JANINE
Nicholas, what do you want?

ANGEL
I need to tell you something and I didn't want to do it over the phone.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

ANGEL disappears. Beat. He re-enters moments later and approaches the hallway door. He sees JANINE.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Janine, I'm being transferred. I'm going away for a while-

MALE CSI
I'm not Janine.

A cough. ANGEL turns to find JANINE standing to his right.

ANGEL
Janine, I'm being transferred. I'm going away for a while.

JANINE
I know. Bob told me.

Another CSI walks past and waves to ANGEL.

BOB
Alright?

ANGEL
I just wanted to tell you in person. There's no reason why we can't be civil with each other. It's not so long ago that we were talking about getting married.

JANINE
Yes but you were already married to the force weren't you?

ANGEL
We're actually supposed to refer to it as 'the service' now. Official vocab guidelines state that 'force' sounds too aggressive.

JANINE
See that's it. It's only ever about the job. It's all you care about.

ANGEL
That's not true.

JANINE
No, you're right, you do have that pot plant.

ANGEL
Janine, I just-

JANINE
You just can't switch off Nicholas.

JANINE whips off her goggles for emphasis. We are still no wiser as to what she looks like.

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

JANINE
And until you find a *person* you care about more than the police service, you never will. Besides you were the one who suggested we take a break.

ANGEL
Yeah well, guilty people usually make the first move.

JANINE
Actually there's something I need to tell you too.

ANGEL
You're seeing somebody.

JANINE
Yes.

ANGEL
Is it Bob?

We see BOB dusting for prints.

JANINE
No. Does Bob look like the kind of person I'd go out with?...It's Dave.

She gestures to an identical CSI. He waves to ANGEL.

DAVE
Alright?

ANGEL looks down and stares at the floor. JANINE softens.

JANINE
Oh, Nicholas-

ANGEL
You do know that window's been broken from the inside?

The CSIs look to the broken window. JANINE hangs her head.

6 INT. SECTION HOUSE CORRIDOR / BEDROOM - DAY 6

We prowl down the corridor of a dormitory. We hear the beep of an answerphone and a thick accented voice.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello Nicholas, Inspector Butterman here, Sandford Police. Just wanted to leave you the exact details of your cottage. The address is...

In a tiny bedroom, ANGEL packs a large red suitcase and takes down photos from the wall; a blonde child in a toy police car, an article reading 'HERO GUN COP SAVES FAMILY'. Three FRESH FACED RECRUITS appear at the door.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

RECRUIT
Is it true you're leaving sir?

ANGEL
Yes it is true.

RECRUIT
Is it okay if we have your milk?

ANGEL nods. The machine beeps again.

INSPECTOR BUTTERMAN
Hello again, Inspector Butterman here, Sandford Police. One more thing about your cottage...it's not ready yet. We're putting you up in the Swan Hotel. They'll take care of you. The address is...

ANGEL stares out at the skyline. A bird shits on the window.

7 INT/EXT. TITLES / TRAVEL MONTAGE - DAY - DUSK 7

ANGEL leaves the section house, striking a lonely figure on the pavement with his suitcase and pot plant under his arm...

...ANGEL cradles his POT PLANT on a crowded TUBE TRAIN...

...ANGEL reads The Guardian on an INTER-CITY TRAIN and eats tofu from a lunch box. Urban landscapes whizz by...

...ANGEL and his POT PLANT at a deserted train station...

...ANGEL sits on a connecting shuttle. The reception bars on his mobile deplete. Street lights whizz by..

...ANGEL sits in a minicab in semi darkness. Out of the window a sign looms: 'WELCOME TO SANDFORD, 'THE COMMUNITY THAT CARES'. It features a picture of castle ruins.

...Signs whizz by; one pointing to the 'MODEL VILLAGE', a large floral display reading 'SANDFORD, VILLAGE OF THE YEAR', a NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH sign. We see a local church surrounded in scaffolding. Rain spots the cab window.

8 EXT. SANDFORD VILLAGE SQUARE - EVENING 8

The minicab pulls away, leaving ANGEL, a lonely figure on the pavement, the pot plant under his arm.

9 INT. SWAN HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT 9

ANGEL comes in to the reception of an up-market guest house, with twee living room furnishings in the foyer. A VERY OLD MAN snores in an armchair.

We see a poster for a production of GUYS & DOLLS. An ornamental sword is mounted above a front desk where a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN presides. She doesn't look up.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
It would appear the heavens have opened.

ANGEL
I was hoping I could check in.

WOMAN
Check in? But you've always been here.

ANGEL
Excuse me?

WOMAN
(peering through specs)
I'm sorry, I thought you were my husband. You must be Sgt. Angel.

ANGEL
Um, yes I am.

JOYCE COOPER
I'm Joyce Cooper. Lovely to meet you. I trust you had a pleasant trip. Fascist.

ANGEL
I beg your pardon?

JOYCE COOPER
Political philosophy exalting the collective over the individual. Seven across.

MRS. COOPER motions to the crossword she's been doing.

ANGEL
Ah. I believe that's 'fascism'.

JOYCE COOPER
Fascism! Wonderful. We've put you in the 'Castle Suite'. It's on the second floor. Bernard will escort you up there.

She motions to the OLD MAN in the foyer. For a moment he looks dead but a prodigious snore proves otherwise.

ANGEL
It's okay. I'm sure I can make my own way up. Hag.

JOYCE COOPER
I beg your pardon?

ANGEL
Evil old woman considered ugly or frightful. 12 down.

JOYCE COOPER
Ah, bless you.

10 INT. SWAN HOTEL CORRIDOR / ROOM - DAY 10

ANGEL approaches a door marked CASTLE SUITE. He unlocks it and enters. The room is quaint but identical in dimension to his previous accomodation.

ANGEL takes off his jacket and places his POT PLANT on the windowsill. It's deathly quiet. ANGEL grabs his jacket again.

11 EXT. SANDFORD SQUARE - NIGHT 11

The rain now stopped, ANGEL walks the empty streets. He hears signs of life from the pub. He heads towards it, passing the village fountain, where a group of young children gather. Chatting, leaning on skateboards, they all wear hooded tops.

ANGEL frowns and glances at his watch. As he passes, the HOODIES all stare after him.

12 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - NIGHT 12

ANGEL cautiously enters a lively pub, complete with rustic farming equipment and a cheery landlord and landlady.

ROTUND DRINKER
Pint of lager, please Mary.

MARY PORTER
Right you are my love.

The ROTUND DRINKER moves off. The publican serves ANGEL.

ANGEL
Could I have a glass of the... cranberry juice please?

ROY PORTER
Certainly. Now, you wouldn't, by any chance, be the new policeman?

ANGEL
Police officer, yes. Nicholas Angel.

ROY PORTER
Thought so. I'm Roy Porter and this is my wife Mary.

MARY PORTER
Welcome to Sandford. If there's anything you need, let us know.

ANGEL
Thanks. Could I borrow your paper?

ANGEL points to a 'SANDFORD CITIZEN' on the bar.

MARY PORTER
It's not ours love.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

ROY PORTER
Not big fans of the local fishwrapper, are we Mare? They listed her age as 65-

MARY PORTER
- when I'm actually 63.

ROTUND DRINKER
Pint of lager, please Mary.

MARY PORTER
Right you are my love.

13 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - NIGHT 13

ANGEL sits on a stool at the bar reading the paper - (Headlines read 'MYSTERY SURROUNDS PROPOSED BIPASS' and 'VILLAGE OF THE YEAR BROUGHT FORWARD')

A suspiciously young laugh draws ANGEL's attention. Some drinkers at the bar look very fresh faced. Others drink beer through straws. Another drinker guffaws, his BRACE glints. ANGEL is dazzled. He looks to a sign reading 'IT IS ILLEGAL TO SELL ALCOHOL TO ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18'.

14 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - CONTINUOUS 14

ANGEL strides over to the table of straw drinkers.

ANGEL
Excuse me. When's your birthday?

YOUNGSTER
10th February.

ANGEL
What year?

YOUNGSTER
Every year.

ANGEL
Okay. Get out.

JUMPCUT. ANGEL talks to the YOUNGSTER with terrible acne.

YOUNGSTER 2
Eighth of May, 1983.

ANGEL
You're 37?

YOUNGSTER 2
...Yeah.

ANGEL
Get out.

JUMPCUT. A high voiced YOUNGSTER with braces.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

YOUNGSTER 3
Umm....

ANGEL
Out.

ROY PORTER
Is there a problem officer?

ANGEL
Yes. An awful lot of your patrons appear to be underage Mr. Porter.

ROY PORTER
Well, a few of them may be a month or two south of proper. But if they're in here, it stops them getting into trouble out there-

MARY PORTER
-doing their business in the street, having fisticuffs, nicking traffic cones-

ROY PORTER
-End of the day it's all about the greater good.

MARY PORTER
...the greater good.

ANGEL
That may be, but the law's the law. They'll all have to go.

15 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - NIGHT 15

ANGEL is sat back at the bar. The pub is now almost empty. The PORTERS are not so cheery now.

ROY PORTER
Another cranberry juice?

ANGEL
I'm fine thank you.

16 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - NIGHT 16

ANGEL strolls out of the pub and walks past the fountain. He takes his time to observe the plaque; *'This fountain was generously restored with funds raised by Mr. F.Butterman, MRS J. Cooper, MR. R. Hatcher, Miss L. Paver...'*

A metallic scratching distracts ANGEL. He sees the ROTUND DRINKER trying to put his key in the lock of an ASTRA.

ANGEL
I hope you're not thinking of driving that.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

ROTUND DRINKER
Nope.

The ROTUND DRINKER stumbles away from the car. ANGEL turns back and notices that the plaque has been vandalised with a piece of graffiti in black felt tip reading *'WATCH OUT'*.

An engine revs behind ANGEL. He jumps back as the ASTRA reverses into the fountain with a resounding crash.

He storms over to the driver's door and hauls the ROTUND DRINKER out, who immediately and loudly throws up.

ANGEL
I'm taking you down the station...
Where is it?

17 EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT 17

ANGEL escorts the ROTUND DRINKER by the collar. Up ahead, a young man pisses in the street. ANGEL clears his throat.

YOUNG MAN
What?

18 INT. SANDFORD STATION / FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT 18

ANGEL strides in with the ROTUND DRINKER and the YOUNG MAN. He has also picked up TWO MEN, scuffed from brawling and a STUDENT TYPE with a traffic cone on his head.

He flashes his card to a cheery DESK SERGEANT.

DESK SERGEANT
Sergeant Nicholas Angel? When did you start?

ANGEL
Tomorrow.

DESK SERGEANT
I see you've already arrested the whole village.

ANGEL
Not exactly.

The DESK SERGEANT looks to the ROTUND DRINKER and laughs. The ROTUND DRINKER stumbles over to a connecting door.

DESK SERGEANT
You in for the night? Four's free.

ANGEL
I need to talk to him.

DESK SERGEANT
He'll be no use til the morning. Do you really wanna process this lot? My pen's running out.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

ANGEL retrieves two pens from his pocket.

ANGEL
Not a problem.

Cue superfast FLASHCUTS of detainees being processed, fingerprints taken, heights measured; (the TRAFFIC CONE man, unable to remove his headgear is recorded as 8' 2").

19 INT. SWAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 19

ANGEL lies on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

20 INT. SWAN HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 20

JUMP CUT to the next morning. The bed is empty.

21 EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING 21

ANGEL in sweats, jogs out of the hotel. In the daylight, Sandford looks beautiful and idyllic.

JOYCE COOPER is up a ladder, watering her hanging baskets. She greets ANGEL cheerily. He passes other early birds who do the same; a FEMALE NEWSAGENT setting out her paper stand, a BOOKISH WOMAN on a bicycle, a cheery VICAR.

ANGEL sees the crashed ASTRA being towed away by a removal vehicle operated by two GRUFF LOOKING MEN. They nod to him.

MAN (O.S.)
Lock me up!

Another jogger stops by ANGEL. He has a ready smirk and a confident air. He wears a 'SANDFORD FUN RUNNERS' t-shirt.

ANGEL
Sorry?

MAN
I'm a slasher and I must be stopped.

ANGEL
You're a what?

MAN
A slasher...of prices. I'm joking of course. I'm Simon Skinner, I run the local Super Marche.

SIMON SKINNER nods to a supermarket named SUMMERAISLES.

Pop in some time, my discounts are criminal. Catch me later.

SKINNER accelerates into a sprint, leaving a bemused ANGEL at the door of his hotel. ANGEL strides inside.

22 INT. SANDFORD FRONT OFFICE - MORNING 22

ANGEL strides into the station, *now in full uniform*. The same DESK SERGEANT is there as before. Although he is now scur faced and has curly hair. ANGEL is a tad confused.

ANGEL
Morning Sergeant. Have you done something with your hair?

DESK SERGEANT
No.

ANGEL
Well, could you tell Inspector Butterman that I've arrived?

DESK SERGEANT
No...he's not in yet.

ANGEL
I see. How's our guest?

DESK SERGEANT
Guest?

ANGEL
The drunk in cell four.

DESK SERGEANT
I dunno. Nobody tells me nothing.

ANGEL walks over to Cell Four and looks through the observation hatch. Panic spreads across his face.

ANGEL
Can I get cell four open?

DESK SERGEANT (O.S.)
Danny, can you open four?

ANGEL
Quickly please!

An OFFICER opens the cell. ANGEL walks in to find it empty.

ANGEL
He's gone.

OFFICER
Oh my god! Who's gone?

We see that the OFFICER is the ROTUND DRINKER.

ANGEL
Why are you dressed as a police officer?

OFFICER
Because I am one?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

A jovial man enters the cell in senior officer's garb.

FRANK
Sergeant Angel, at last. I see you've already met my boy.

23 INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY 23

FRANK's office is adorned with CERTIFICATES, including several 'VILLAGE OF THE YEAR' plaques, along with a POLICE CAPE in a glass case and two mounted ANTIQUE PISTOLS.

We also see a photo of a younger FRANK and DANNY dressed as cowboys and a middle aged woman dressed as a squaw.

FRANK
Do forgive me. I'm something of a wild west nut. Speaking of which, that was a fair few outlaws you rounded up last night.

ANGEL
Yes sir.

FRANK
I admire your enthusiasm Nicholas, but this isn't London.

ANGEL
With respect sir, geographical location shouldn't factor in the application of the law.

FRANK
But coming in all guns blazing can sometimes exacerbate matters, you know make things worse?

ANGEL
I'm aware of the meaning of exacerbate, sir.

FRANK
Of course you are. Statistically, Sandford is the safest village in the country but that doesn't mean it requires anything less than a careful and considered approach. There's a reason we accommodate a few of the younglings at the pub.

ANGEL
The greater good?

FRANK
The greater good. Precisely! Your predecessor assumed rural policing was easy. Ended up having a nervous breakdown. And Sgt. Popwell was an excellent officer, truly excellent. Mind you, he had one thing you haven't got.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
What's that sir?

FRANK
A great big bushy beard...What say we have a mosey around?

24 INT. STATION - DAY 24

FRANK shows ANGEL the locker room. DANNY lags behind.

FRANK
Locker room.

FRANK opens a door on a musty collection of riot gear.

FRANK (cont'd)
Riot room.

A HEDGEHOG is startled by the rare intrusion. FRANK approaches another door with a security keypad.

FRANK (cont'd)
And this here's the evidence room. What's the code again?

DANNY
999?

FRANK
You'd think I'd remember that.

FRANK opens the evidence locker. It's surprisingly empty.

FRANK (cont'd)
How about a trip to the Andes?

FRANK leads them to a door marked 'C.I.D'. Inside are two thirty something plain clothes officers with cropped hair, and tashes. On their small desk are two plates of cake.

FRANK
Detective Sergeant Cartwright and Detective Constable Wainwright.

CARTWRIGHT and WAINWRIGHT stare back at ANGEL with disdain.

FRANK (cont'd)
Don't get up.

They leave, close the door and continue down the corridor.

FRANK
I suspect you're wondering why we call them the Andes.

ANGEL
Because they're both called Andrew?

FRANK
Precisely.

24 CONTINUED: 24

DANNY
And talking to them is a fucking uphill struggle.

FRANK
Danny.

A battered tin reads 'SWEARBOX'. DANNY drops a quid in.

FRANK (O.S.)
The swearbox. All proceeds to the restoration of the church roof.

FRANK shows ANGEL into the operations room, where uniformed officers bunch together at cramped desks.

And this is where it all happens-

We hear a solitary Apple start-up chime.

FRANK
That's Sergeant Tony Fisher, that's PC Bob Walker and that is Saxon.

FISHER (40's) reedy, fixed grin. WALKER (50's) bald, grizzled with a large Alsatian. All three are eating cake.

WALKER
Pleshurertoaveyeonbordsarg.

FRANK
And this is one Doris Thatcher.

DANNY
She's our only police woman.

ANGEL
She's not a police woman.

DANNY
She is. I've seen her bra.

ANGEL
She's a police officer, being a woman has nothing to do with it.

DORIS THATCHER
Oh, I don't know. It comes in handy every so often.

The rosy faced officer winks lewdly at a blushing ANGEL.

DORIS THATCHER
I could've given you the tour. I've been round the station a few times.

The office erupts into bawdy cheers. ANGEL is keen to move on. He points to a door marked 'T.W.A'.

ANGEL
What's in here?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

A little besuited man opens the door. On the table of his tiny, folder crammed office is a plate of chocolate cake.

WEAVER
Ah I see we have visitors.

FRANK
Nicholas, this is Tom Weaver-

WEAVER
Civilian liaison for the Neighbourhood Watch at your service.
(holds up walkie talkie)
Got everyone linked up with one of these. Highly effective in exchanging intelligence.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Guess who's poking Dizzy Draper?

WEAVER switches off the walkie and quickly leads them to a connecting room full of CCTV monitors.

WEAVER
I also do the CCTV. I must say I was rather admiring your handiwork last night.

Chuckling WEAVER cues up CCTV footage of ANGEL's run-ins. We also see footage of HOODIES huddled around the fountain.

WEAVER
Shame you couldn't have done the same with those bloody hoodies. Hanging around. Loitering. Sitting.

ANGEL
I did notice some minor graffiti on the fountain.

WEAVER
I knew they were up to something! They need to be dealt with Frank! If we could see their ruddy faces.

FRANK
They're nippers Tom. They'll come round.

ANGEL
Yes, this kind of transgression usually stems from boredom. Ever thought about building them a skate park? Or providing a designated wall for a graffiti mural?

WEAVER looks at ANGEL and bursts into maniacal laughter.

WEAVER
That's all we need on the team, another bloody joker.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3) 24

WEAVER (cont'd)
Which reminds me, our friend the living statue's back. He was there Saturday.

WEAVER flicks through CCTV printouts of a street performer dressed as a STATUE. They are all identical.

WEAVER
Look 11am, 12pm, lunchtime, 2pm. If we don't come down hard on these clowns, we'll be up to our balls in jugglers.

FRANK
Perish the thought.

WEAVER
I tried to move him on myself but it cost me twenty quid in fifty pees and took four hours.

FRANK
We'll get right onto it.

They leave. FRANK scrunches up the printouts into a ball, and throws it to DANNY, who heads it into the bin.

FRANK
99% of what they come up with is total guff but we like to let them think they run the place. Now, confession to make, bit of a problem with your office.

ANGEL
Well sir, I like to think my office is out on the street-

FRANK
Oh, you heard about that?

He nods to office furniture sat out front of the station.

FRANK
Had a bit of a leak last week.

FRANK opens a door to reveal a damp, bare tiny office.

FRANK
I know it's not a great start on the welcome front. They brought the 'Village Of The Year' competition forward this year and everyone's gone a bit mad getting ready for it. We'll get you behind your desk as soon as the floor's dry.

FRANK shuts the door. They move back to the main office.

FRANK
And that's that. Unless you there's anything you're unclear about?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4) 24

ANGEL
There is sir. Why is everyone eating chocolate cake?

FRANK
That's on Danny. As punishment for a little indiscretion.

ANGEL
I wouldn't call driving under the influence a 'little indiscretion', sir.

FRANK
I quite agree. The chocolate cake is for leaving his truncheon on the bus. Last night's incident will require something much more substantial.

ANGEL
Well, I'm happy to hear that sir.

FRANK
Yes, lets just say we won't be short of Chunky Monkey for the next few months.

ANGEL visibly sags.

FRANK
Well, since it's your first day, I guess we'd better get someone to show you around town.

ANGEL
Yes sir.

FRANK
Danny!

DANNY stops eating cake and looks up. ANGEL sags further.

25 EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING 25

A glum cap wearing ANGEL and a cheery helmet wearing DANNY, walk the streets. Village folk greet them with 'Morning'.

DANNY
What about Dirty Harry?

ANGEL
Morning. No.

DANNY
You've seen Die Hard though?

ANGEL
Morning. No.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

DANNY
Bad Boys 2?

ANGEL
Morning. No.

DANNY
You *haven't seen* Bad Boys 2?!

26 INT. STATION - FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING 26

ANGEL bursts back into Frank's office, keen for more action.

FRANK
All done?

ANGEL
Yes sir. What next?

RANK
Well, since it's now half past eleven, I'd say that's lunch.

27 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - DAY 27

ANGEL is sat at a pub table with the other officers (only he wears a stab vest). DANNY brings pints to everyone but ANGEL, who has a cranberry juice. SAXON laps at a bowl of lager.

FISHER
Sooooo, what made you choose Sandford Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL
It wasn't actually my choice.

FISHER
Wasn't your choice to come down here and show me how to do my job. Our jobs.

WALKER
Yooceetybcisefinkdeynobettarrr.

There's a murmur of agreement. ANGEL is a little confused.

ANGEL
I can assure you it wasn't my intention to upset the apple cart.

CARTWRIGHT
Yeah, cos we all sell apples down here, don't we?

DANNY
Your Dad sells apples Andy.

CARTWRIGHT
And raspberries.

(CONTINUED)

WAINWRIGHT
I bet you can't wait to jump into Sergeant Popwell's grave.

WAINWRIGHT swigs Guinness, the head collects on his lip.

ANGEL
I'm not jumping in anyone's grave. You've got a moustache.

WAINWRIGHT
I know.

CARTWRIGHT
Why've you got your stab vest on?

ANGEL
It's a requirement.

FISHER
In London maybe. No-one's going to stab you in here sergeant, not a member of the public anyhow.

ANGEL
Have you ever been stabbed Sergeant Fisher?

FISHER
No.

ANGEL
I have. And I can assure you it's not the slightest bit amusing.

DANNY's ears prick up, he looks to ANGEL with awe.

DANNY
Have you seen a lot of action in the city Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL
A fair bit.

WAINWRIGHT
Little bird tells me you were part of an armed response unit.

ANGEL
What little bird would that be?

CARTWRIGHT
Andy googled you.

DORIS THATCHER
I got googled at the weekend.

DANNY
Were you part of an armed response unit?

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

ANGEL
Yes, for two years.

DANNY
Did you cook any fools?

ANGEL
Excuse me?

DANNY
Did you shoot anybody?

CARTWRIGHT
Shot someone? He killed someone.

DANNY
No way, that's amazing.

ANGEL
It was not amazing, it was extremely regrettable, but the situation left me with no choice.

DANNY
Who did you shoot?

WAINWRIGHT
He shot a crack-head with a Kalishnikov.

DANNY
Wow. Where d'you get that?

ANGEL
The offender had the Kalishnikov.

DANNY
Wow. Where'd he get it?

CARTWRIGHT
You do know there are more guns in the country than in the city? Everyone and their mum's packing round here.

ANGEL
Really, like who?

CARTWRIGHT nods to a tall, ruddy, farmer at the bar.

CARTWRIGHT
Farmers.

ANGEL
Anyone else?

CARTWRIGHT
Farmer's mums.

DANNY pulls his chair closer to the bemused ANGEL.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3) 27

DANNY
What's it like being stabbed?

ANGEL
It was the single most painful experience of my life.

DANNY
Wow. What's the second most painful?

28 INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY 28

A glum ANGEL sits at his desk. Two men manoeuvre a filing cabinet into the office. A man appears from under his desk, placing a phone in front of him. It rings. ANGEL answers.

FRANK (O.S.)
Everything alright?

ANGEL
Actually sir-

29 INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER 29

ANGEL
-there is something I want to talk to you about.

FRANK
Oh?

ANGEL
Seeing as I'm new to the area and don't wish to cause resentment within the division, I'd really like to get to know the community from the ground up.

FRANK
Well, come to the Neighbourhood Watch meeting tonight.

ANGEL
Yes sir but I'd also like to start my duties at more of a street level.

FRANK
You mean get back out on the beat?

ANGEL
That's exactly what I mean sir.

FRANK
Well, you're the boss.

30 INT. STATION - SOME MORE SECONDS LATER. 30

ANGEL steps out of Frank's office. He gets the attention of the assembled officers. They stop eating their cake.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

ANGEL
Excuse me everyone. If you could put your cake down for a second. In order to maximize my intergration here at Sandford, I've asked the Inspector to permit me a more grass roots introduction. I'm hoping that familiarizing myself with the area in this way, might dispel any concerns about my suitability. Thank you.

There's a vague affirmative murmur from the other officers.

Above all, I'd just like to be treated like any other officer at this station.

ANGEL turns his back. A WASTE PAPER BASKET hits him hard on the head. The officers snigger.

ANGEL
That could have actually really hurt someone. But...thank you.

ANGEL re-enters FRANK's office. FRANK looks concerned.

FRANK
You sure about this?

ANGEL
Yes sir.

FRANK
Well, I suppose, we should get you out there with someone who really knows what's what...DANNY!

31 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 31

A suicidal ANGEL and chirpy DANNY, walk the same streets again. Folk greet them with 'Afternoon'.

DANNY
Have you ever fired two guns whilst jumping through the air?

ANGEL
Afternoon. No.

DANNY
Have you ever fired one gun whilst jumping through the air?

ANGEL
Afternoon. No.

DANNY
Have you ever been in a high speed pursuit?

31 CONTINUED: 31

ANGEL
Afternoon. Yes.

DANNY
Have you ever fired a gun whilst in a high speed pursuit?

ANGEL
Afternoon. No.

32 INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY 32

A sign reads 'ONLY ONE SCHOOL CHILD AT ANY TIME'. ANGEL waits as DANNY buys a pasty from a FEMALE NEWSAGENT. A walkie talkie crackles to life on the counter.

RADIO VOICE
Annette, that new policeman is coming into your shop.

33 EXT/INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY 33

ANGEL and DANNY sit in the parked squad car; ANGEL is on the radio, watching with disdain as DANNY retrieves ketchup sachets from his top pocket and squirts them onto a pasty.

ANGEL
Oscar four zero, over.

RADIO VOICE
Oscar four zero go ahead, over.

ANGEL
Nothing, I was...just checking.

34 INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING 34

ANGEL and a pumped DANNY change out of their uniforms.

DANNY
Wooo! Hell of a day.

ANGEL
Yep.

DANNY
Same again tomorrow?

ANGEL
Yep.

ANGEL opens his locker. Hundreds of apples tumble out. Inside a note reads 'WELCOME SERGEANT'.

DANNY
That wasn't me.

34 CONTINUED: 34

The other officers appear, sniggering; the ANDES, FISHER and TEATCHER, who is in her bra. We hear a round of applause.

35 INT. SWAN HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM - EVENING 35

The applause continues over a sign reading 'N.W.A -7pm'. TOM WEAVER introduces ANGEL to a large group of village folk, including JOYCE COOPER and the PORTERS. FRANK is also present, as is a snoring BERNARD. A middle aged woman fusses over a floral display reading 'WELCOME SERGEANT'.

WEAVER
And that's Leslie Tiller, our local floral wiz. Her horticultural contributions have helped put Sandford on the map. She prepared this especially for you.

JOYCE COOPER
She's everso good.

WEAVER moves on to the BOOKISH CYCLIST glimpsed that morning.

WEAVER
This is Amanda Paver, headmistress of Sanford Primary. And Simon Skinner I believe you've met.

SIMON SKINNER
Oh we're already firm friends.

SIMON SKINNER beams at ANGEL, who is a little unnerved.

WEAVER
James Reaper, who owns Ellroy Farm.

WEAVER introduces the tall, ruddy, farmer from the bar.

REAPER
I hear you're quite the marksman. Perhaps you might like to join us for a clay pigeon shoot.

ANGEL
I haven't held a firearm for over two years Mr. Reaper and I'm more than happy to keep it that way. Perhaps if they were real pigeons.

A ripple of polite laughter. REAPER leans in.

REAPER
That can easily be arranged.

The group gather round and sit at a large circular table.

REV. SHOOTER
Hello Nicholas. Reverend Shooter. May I say how pleased we are to have an Angel at our table.
(more laughter)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

REV. SHOOTER (cont'd)
Actually I was hoping you might read a homily at Sunday Service.

ANGEL
To be honest Reverend, that might be a little hypocritical of me.

REV. SHOOTER
Oh, are we an atheist?

ANGEL
No, I'm open to the idea of divinity, I'm just not convinced.

REV. SHOOTER
You're agnostic?

DR. HATCHER
I think I have a cream for that.

More laughter. WEAVER nods to a tweedy, bearded doctor.

WEAVER
And this is Robin Hatcher our resident sawbones.

DR. HATCHER
Hopefully we won't see too much of each other over the coming months.

DR. HATCHER smiles at ANGEL. More laughter.

WEAVER
All that remains to say is, welcome to the weekly meeting of Neighbourhood Watch Association.

JOYCE COOPER
We're basically a group of volunteers whose strive to keep the village just so.

REAPER
We're the community that cares.

ANGEL
Well, it's good to know we have the support of the community.

REAPER
Well, not the whole community.

HATCHER
We don't let any old riff raff in.

A huge laugh. JOYCE COOPER brings the meeting to order.

JOYCE COOPER
Now, quick announcement before we begin. Janet Barker has just given birth to twins. Congrats to her, we'll be keeping a keen eye on them as they grow up. Tom?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

WEAVER
Thanks Joyce. To business then.

WEAVER affects a deadly earnest tone of voice.

WEAVER
I'm sure many of you will have noticed the return of a blight on our streets, one which is all the most disturbing as the 'Village Of The Year' contest looms. I speak of course of the extremely irritating Living Statue.

An image of the LIVING STATUE on an overhead projector. There are mumbles of "irritating". ANGEL stifles a yawn.

36 INT. SWAN HOTEL ROOM - EVENING - MONTAGE 36

ANGEL listens to the radio and waters his POT PLANT.

RADIO 4 ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Newly released Home Office statistics show crime in the capital soaring...

Later: ANGEL lies awake on his bed. His floral tribute appears almost funerial against the wall.

ANGEL (V.O.)
Police work is as much about preventing crime as it is about fighting crime. Most importantly it is about procedural correctness...

37 INT. HALL - DAY 37

ANGEL
-in the execution of unquestionable moral authority. Any questions?

We see ANGEL is talking to a group of young schoolkids. DANNY sits cross legged with them. He puts his hand up.

DANNY
Is it true if you shot a man in a particular spot on the head, you can make it blow up?

Later: ANGEL and DANNY talk to headmistress AMANDA PAVER. A wiry young reporter approaches with a camera.

TIM MESSENGER
Hi, Tim Messenger. Quick snap for the Sandford Citizen?

Later: ANGEL poses awkwardly with the schoolkids.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

TIM MESSENGER
How about if you put the teacher in handcuffs?

ANGEL
I'm not sure that gives off the right signals.

TIM MESSENGER
Give the little blond kid your hat?

ANGEL looks at a sweet BLOND HAIRED BOY next to him.

ANGEL
I'd rather not.

TIM MESSENGER
Wave your truncheon about?

ANGEL
No.

38 INT. SWAN HOTEL DINING ROOM - MORNING 38

FLASH. We see the newspaper article; 'SHORT ARM OF THE LAW: TOP COP ANGLE TELLS IT TO THE KIDS'. ANGEL circles the typo as he sits in a vast dining room. JOYCE approaches with tea.

JOYCE COOPER
Can I have your autograph please?

ANGEL laughs it off bashfully.

JOYCE COOPER (cont'd)
Seriously, I do need your signature for breakfast.

39 INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING 39

ANGEL opens his locker. It is plastered with photocopies of the article. The 'ANGLE' typo is underlined in red.

40 INT. STATION - MORNING 40

ANGEL makes his way to his office. Sniggering officers greet him with 'Sergeant Angle', including the now *straight haired* DESK SERGEANT. ANGEL feigns good humour but looks increasing irritated. His phone rings. He picks up.

ANGEL
Sergeant Angel?... The swan has escaped?...And where exactly has the swan escaped from? And who might you be? Mr. Staker. Mr. P. I. Staker? Piss taker?

ANGEL looks around at his fellow officers to see who is on the other end of the phone. He realises that *no-one* is.

41 EXT. CHURCH - DAY 41

ANGEL and DANNY talk to an OLD MAN IN A CAP by a moat.

ANGEL
Yes Mr. Staker, we'll do everything we can to get her back. Can you describe her?

MR. STAKER
Two foot tall. Long slender neck.

ANGEL
Go on.

MR. STAKER
She's a swan.

42 EXT. PARK - DUSK 42

DANNY and ANGEL look fruitlessly for the swan. DANNY attempts various calls. ANGEL looks suicidal.

43 INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY 43

DANNY buys a Cornetto from a smirking ANNETTE ROPER. ANGEL stands nearby, whilst looking elsewhere.

ANETTE ROPER
No luck catching them swans then?

DANNY
It's just the one swan actually.

44 EXT. SQUAD CAR / SANDFORD SQUARE - DAY 44

ANGEL and DANNY sit in their usual parking space.

DANNY
You want anything from the shop?

ANGEL
You've just been to the shop.

DANNY
I was thinking of a different shop.

ANGEL
Constable Butterman, this is not the time for personal errands.

DANNY
Well, there's nothing going on.

ANGEL
There's always something going on. Look around you, what do you see?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

DANNY
People, cars...

ANGEL
You have to look closer. What about him in the big coat?

ANGEL nods to an ANCIENT MAN in a heavy winter overcoat.

DANNY
That's Mr. Treacher.

ANGEL
Well why is Mr. Treacher wearing that big coat? He can't be cold. Why the extra layer? He might be hiding something...

DANNY
But that's Mr. Treacher.

ANGEL
Okay, what about him?

ANGEL nods over to a man in a PURPLE SHELL SUIT with his cap pulled down low over his face.

Ask yourself why he has his hat pulled down like that.

DANNY
He's fuck ugly?

ANGEL
Or he doesn't want you to see his face.

DANNY
Because he's fuck ugly.

Changing tack, ANGEL nods to a HULKING MAN, clad in denim.

ANGEL
Alright. Well, what's his story?

DANNY
That's Lurch. He's the trolley boy at the supermarket.

ANGEL
Good. Go on.

DANNY
Real name, Michael Armstrong. Dad says he's got a child's mind. Lives up Summer Street with his mum and his sister.

ANGEL
Are they as big as him?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2) 44

DANNY
Same person.

ANGEL
Which shop were you thinking of?

45 INT. SUMMERAISLES - DAY 45

As DANNY delves in a video bargain bin full of action films, ANGEL loiters in organic produce. He spots two GRUFF LOOKING BUTCHERS behind a meat counter. They nod 'hello'.

FEMALE VOICE (TANNOY)
Sergeant Angel to the manager's office.

46 INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY 46

ANGEL strides into an office where SIMON SKINNER reads the 'Top Cop' story in the SANDFORD CITIZEN. A slutty CHECKOUT GIRL lounges beside him. One wall is lined with sketches of a drive thru supermarket, the other with security monitors. A 'fun running' trophy sits conspicuously on the shelf.

SKINNER
Ah, Sergeant Angel. Or is it Angie?

CHECKOUT GIRL
Mr. Skinner, a baby's sicked up in aisle six.

SKINNER
Please excuse me. Michael!

The now uniformed LURCH lumbers past the doorway.

LURCH
Yarp.

SKINNER
Child vomit. Aisle six. Mop it up.

LURCH
Yarp.

ANGEL
Is there a problem, Mr Skinner?

SKINNER
No, I just wanted to say how lovely it is to see you supporting your local store.

ANGEL
That's quite alright.

46 CONTINUED: 46

SKINNER
All too many have defected to the big Safeway in Buford Abbey and may their heads be struck from their shoulders for such disloyalty.

ANGEL
Yes, well if you'd excuse me, Mr. Skinner I am on duty.

SKINNER
Of course, I simply spied you loitering in organic produce and assumed you had time on your hands.

ANGEL
Maybe there's someone else you should be keeping an eye on.

SKINNER turns to look at the CCTV. On one screen we see a small, well dressed man climbing out of a Range Rover.

SKINNER
Ah yes, the Fridge Magnate?

ANGEL
The Fridge Magnet?

SKINNER
George Merchant. Made a fortune in kitchen goods. Built that monstrosity on Norris Hill. Only comes in here because its convenient parking for his solicitor's office. I swear, I'll have the boys tow him away.

ANGEL
Actually I wasn't talking about him. I was talking about *him*.

ANGEL points to a different screen. We see a SHOPPER rather obviously stuffing biscuits into his trousers.

47 INT. SUMMERAISLES - DAY 47

ANGEL strides straight up to the shopper. It is THE MAN IN THE PURPLE SHELL SUIT from the square.

ANGEL
Excuse me.

The SHOPLIFTER freezes for a moment. Then scarpers.

DANNY reads the cover of Jackie Chan's SUPERCOP when ANGEL explodes into life, chasing the SHOPLIFTER down the aisle. He throws the video back in the bin and follows suit.

48 EXT. SUPERMARKET / HIGH STREET - DAY 48

The SHOPLIFTER bursts onto the street with ANGEL in hot pursuit. The usual friendly greetings from folk are bestowed on ANGEL as he sprints by. It sounds surreal.

They race past shopkeepers, who report into their radios. They also pass the LIVING STATUE. He doesn't budge.

The SHOPLIFTER avoids being hit by REAPER's 4x4. ANGEL vaults over the bonnet. The shoplifter runs into an alley. ANGEL follows, but comes to a stop at the alley entrance.

ANGEL
Oh, you mothers.

Several YOUNG MOTHERS with push chairs clog up the alley. DANNY catches up with ANGEL. He's very out of breath.

ANGEL
Let's cut through here.

DANNY
Through the gardens?

ANGEL
What's the matter? You never taken a short cut before?

ANGEL leaps over a garden fence, then the next one, then the next. It's an amazing acrobatic feat. DANNY gasps and follows ANGEL but trips and crashes through the fence.

ANGEL lands back in the alley, when suddenly he spots-

The SWAN. Waddling past the mouth of the alley. ANGEL is torn for a split second, then resumes the SHOPLIFTER chase.

ANGEL runs into the HOODIES, spraying 'WATCH OUT' on a wall. Upon seeing ANGEL, the HOODIES immediately scatter like roaches, dropping their spray cans on the floor.

ANGEL scoops up the spray can and hurls it through the air. It hits the SHOPLIFTER on the head. He crashes to the floor hard. ANGEL picks the SHOPLIFTER up. DANNY approaches.

ANGEL
You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

SHOPLIFTER
Alright Danny.

DANNY
Alright Pete.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

ANGEL
Do you know this man?

DANNY
Yeah, he's my cousin.

ANGEL
And it didn't occur to you to mention this before?

DANNY
I couldn't see his face could I?

49 INT. CUSTODY SUITE - DAY 49

ANGEL fills out arrest paperwork. FISHER ambles over.

SGT. FISHER
Impressive collar. Shame Mr Skinner doesn't want to press charges.

ANGEL
What do you mean he doesn't want to press charges?!

SIMON SKINNER (O.S.)
I'm simply suggesting Peter be given a second chance-

ANGEL turns to see SKINNER distributing the stolen biscuits to officers, including a *curly haired* DESK SERGEANT.

SKINNER
-before he becomes just another crime statistic. I'm sure he's learnt a valuable lesson.

FISHER
Stealing biscuits is a crime?

SKINNER
(offers Fisher a biscuit)
Correct.

FISHER
Ooh thanks.

ANGEL
And yet we respond by not taking a single punitive measure?

SKINNER
That's the way the cookie crumbles.

FRANK (O.S.)
Everything alright?

ANGEL turns to see FRANK at the doorway, eating ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

ANGEL
Mr. Skinner's chosen not to prosecute, sir.

FRANK
Leave this with me. I'll make sure everyone gets their just desserts.

50 INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR IN LAYBY - DAY 50

ANGEL sits with a speed gun recording passing cars. DANNY has his feet up and is eating some of the stolen biscuits. Behind is a sign reading 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SANDFORD'.

ANGEL
27. Why are we on traffic?

DANNY
Dad's probably giving us a rest after all that jumping over fences.

ANGEL
28. I don't need a rest.

DANNY
Have you seen Point Break?

ANGEL
28. No.

DANNY
There's an amazing bit in that where they jump over fences.

ANGEL
27. Is there now?

DANNY
Yeah, Patrick Swayze's robbed this bank and Keanu Reeves chases him through people's gardens and then Keanu lands really badly and breaks his leg off and he's like 'aaaargh' and then he goes to shoot Swayze, but he can't cause he loves him so much and he fires up in the air and he's going 'aaaargh'. Have you ever fired your gun up in the air and gone 'aaaargh'?

ANGEL
No, Constable I have never fired my gun up in the air and gone 'aaaargh'. 30.

DANNY
Sorry, I just feel like I'm missing out sometimes. I want to do what you do.

50 CONTINUED: 50

ANGEL
You do, do what I do. 24. What on Earth do you think you're missing out on?

DANNY
I don't know. Gun fights. Car chases. Proper action and shit.

ANGEL
Proper policing isn't about action... or shit.

DANNY
Yeah but you got to fire a gun. How come we don't all have guns?

ANGEL
Arming the entire British Police Service would not necessarily lower the rate of crime. Guns aren't toys Constable. Opening fire on another human being is a difficult and dizzying experience. 29. If you'd paid attention to me in school, you'd know it's not all about guns fights and car chases.

A MEGANE speeds past them. DANNY and ANGEL exchange a look.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Fire up the roof.

DANNY
Yeah!...Where's the button?

ANGEL flicks the siren on. They peel out at speed. The MEGANE pulls over, ending the chase before it begins.

DANNY
That was brilliant.

They walk over to the MEGANE. The smartly dressed DRIVER winds down his window. ANGEL can see a NERVOUS YOUNG WOMAN in the passenger seat. The DRIVER hands over his license.

BLOWER
Was I going a tad fast, officer?

ANGEL
Yes, you were Mr. Blower.

ANGEL starts speedily scribbling in his notebook.

BLOWER
Well, it's the technical rehearsal for Guys and Dolls today and I'm running late. I'm playing the male lead and...what are you writing?

ANGEL
Everything you say so I can refer to it later.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

BLOWER
Now officer, I am a respected solicitor, there's no need to-

ANGEL continues to write. DANNY watches this with interest.

Stop writing. I was merely trying to explain why I might have exceeded the speed limit-

ANGEL
'You're playing the male lead in Guys and Dolls and you're running late'. You think this is sufficient reason to travel at 48 in a 30 zone.

BLOWER
Well, I-

ANGEL
To flout laws put in place to save lives.

BLOWER
This is preposterous.

ANGEL
...pre-post-er-ous.

BLOWER
I've never been...stop writing!

ANGEL
...St-op wri-ting.

BLOWER
Look...you're right, I apologise.

ANGEL hands him a ticket. He and DANNY get into their CAR.

ANGEL
You see what I did there?

DANNY
You hypnotised him.

ANGEL waves his pocket book in DANNY's face.

ANGEL
I used this! The most important piece of police hardware. This has saved my skin on many occasions. Think about using yours more often.

DANNY
I do use mine.

DANNY produces his pocketbook. ANGEL flips through the pages. We see a flick-illustration of cops shooting someone dead with red ink blood for blood. ANGEL shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3) 50

ANGEL
This is just extraordinary.

DANNY
Wait til see the one on the other side.

51 INT. LOCKER ROOM / FRONT DESK - EVENING 51

ANGEL and DANNY stride out of the station in their civvies.

DANNY
What are you up to tonight?

ANGEL
I have to water my peace lily.

DANNY
Oh okay. I just thought you might want to do something.

ANGEL
Like what exactly?

DANNY
Pub?

ANGEL
Haven't you spent enough money on ice cream?

The now *straight* haired DESK SERGEANT calls after him.

DESK SERGEANT
Ah Gentlemen, a Mr. Blower left you tickets for Guys And Dolls tonight. Said it was by way of an apology.

ANGEL
Well, we can't accept gifts from someone we've officially rebuked.

ANGEL calmly rips up both tickets in front of a deflated DANNY. ANGELS makes to leave again, just as FRANK enters.

FRANK
Ah Nicholas. Glad I caught you. Wondered if you wouldn't mind representing us at the am dram tonight. I'm otherwise engaged and it'd be good to have a show of faith from the constabulary.

ANGEL
Yes sir, of course.

FRANK
And there's a spare for Danny too.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

DANNY
Yes!
(off Angel's look)
Come on, it might be fun.

52 INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER 52

ANGEL and DANNY both have expressions of abject horror.

On stage MARTIN BLOWER and the YOUNG WOMAN from his car, strangle a scene from GUYS AND DOLLS. It is truly awful. The scene culminates in a kiss that goes on far too long.

Later. The audience applaud. A relieved ANGEL and DANNY join. On stage the cast take their bows. LESLIE TILLER walks on stage with a bouquet of flowers.

JOYCE COOPER
(from behind Angel & Danny)
She's ever so good.

53 INT. THEATRE BAR - LATER 53

In the packed bar, DANNY downs a pint and ANGEL downs a cranberry juice. A beaming TIM MESSENGER sidles over.

MESSENGER
Sergeant Angel, quick word for the Sandford Citizen?

ANGEL
It was very...enjoyable.

MESSENGER
'Cop gives thumbs up to gangsters?'

ANGEL
That's not exactly what I just said.

SKINNER
You will spell his name correctly this time, won't you Timothy?

SKINNER swoops in and leads ANGEL away from MESSENGER.

SKINNER
Absolute tosh wasn't it? Annoyingly, the understudies are actually professional actors. Greg was an extra in Straw Dogs and Sheree portrayed a cadaver in Prime Suspect-

SKINNER nods to an OLDER COUPLE who wave back at him. A still made up MARTIN BLOWER and his FEMALE LEAD rush over.

BLOWER
Sergeant Angel, you came?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

ANGEL
Our Inspector requested we attend.

DANNY
Yes, we can't accept gifts from someone we've officially rebuked so...nyaaa.

ANGEL
Well, congratulations anyway to you and Mrs. Blower.

BLOWER
Oh, this isn't my wife.

SKINNER
Yes, where is Edna, Martin?

BLOWER
She's at home with the dogs. This is Miss Draper, my leading lady.

SKINNER
Isn't she just? Eve works for the council, Sergeant. Quite the lady in the know.

EVE DRAPER snorts an alarmingly high pitched laugh.

EVE
Oh I am not.

SKINNER
Nonsense. I'm sure if we bashed your head in, all sorts of secrets would come tumbling out.

EVE lets out another snort. GEORGE MERCHANT approaches.

BLOWER
George, thank you for coming!

ANGEL spots the BLONDE SCHOOLKID from his school talk, in the other room, sipping Coke and staring at him.

DANNY
Eve's nice ain't she?

ANGEL
She has a... distinctive laugh.

DANNY
She was in my year at school. Always had a thing for her.

ANGEL
Well, she obviously has a thing for older men.

DANNY
What with Blower?! No way!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

ANGEL
We just sat through three hours of so-called acting tonight Constable, their kiss was the only convincing moment in it.

DANNY
Now you mention it, I too have reason to believe she favours the older gent.

ANGEL
Really? How so?

DANNY
Marcus Carter's big brother said he fingered her up the duck pond.

ANGEL spits out his cranberry juice.

54 EXT. SANDFORD PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT 54

Theatregoers spill out onto the street as BLOWER closes up.

BLOWER
Officers, again let me offer my sincere apologies for earlier.

ANGEL
Good night Mr. Blower. Drive safe.

ANGEL and DANNY turn away and walk home. DANNY chuckles.

DANNY
"Drive safe". You got him then!

ANGEL
Well, hopefully that's the last we'll see of him.

ANGEL smiles. He and DANNY walk off, revealing-

A FIGURE swathed in a BLACK CLOAK. We cannot see its face. It darts into the alley behind the Playhouse building!

In FLASHCUTS we see an axe blade glint...a door pane smash...a gloved hand finds the door handle...

55 INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 55

MARTIN BLOWER rips the foil from a bottle of champagne. There's a knock at the door. BLOWER goes back.

BLOWER
Who is it?

The door opens...It's EVE DRAPER...BLOWER grins...

BLOWER
We haven't got long.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

EVE grins...A champagne cork pops...Bubbly foams...

EVE
To us?

There's *another* knock at the door. BLOWER shouts, worried.

BLOWER
Who is it?

56 BLOWER INCHES THE DOOR OPEN...AN AXE SMASHES DOWN INTO BLOWER'S NECK...THE CHAMPAGNE DROPS...EVE SCREAMS... 56

57 INT. SWAN HOTEL BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 57

A call button flashes red in the darkness...ANGEL picks up.

ANGEL
Decaffeinated?

58 EXT. LAYBY - MORNING 58

TWO DECAPITATED HEADS lie surrounded by pieces of metal.

FISHER
Little Brian Libby found them, out on his paper round. He'll be having nightmares for a while.

FISHER addresses ANGEL, DANNY, THATCHER and WALKER. Behind is a blood splattered 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SANDFORD' sign.

Must have hit the sign at some speed. Took the whole top off.

DORIS THATCHER
I've had my top off in this layby.

FISHER points to where BLOWER's MEGANE has come to a violent stop. The top half of the car has been shaved off.

FISHER
Most likely lost control, left the road here and ended up there... So, what do you think we should do? Sergeant Angel?

ANGEL
We should cordon off the area, screen the remains from public view and close off the road until the ambulance arrives, whereupon we should open a single lane of traffic to ease congestion.

FISHER
Very good. What he said.

FLASHCUTS; a cordon unfurled, tents erected, cones set out.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

ANGEL and DANNY wave on the morning traffic past the crash site. JAMES REAPER leans out of his 4X4.

REAPER
What's happened Danny?

DANNY
Car accident. Nasty.

ANGEL
Constable, official vocab states such incidents are now referred to as 'collisions', not 'car accidents'-

A RED MG slows to a stop. SKINNER leans out of the window.

SKINNER
Such a tragic waste of life. Two lovers snuffed out like that.

ANGEL
I'm sorry?

SKINNER
Sky Masterson and Sister Sarah. Still, the show must go on.

SKINNER goes to pull off. ANGEL stands in front of his car.

ANGEL
Mr Skinner, could you tell me how you knew the identity of the victims?

SKINNER
Martin and Eve? Of course. When I didn't get my Times delivered this morning, I rang Annette Roper to enquire after young Brian. You know how it is, news travels fast.

SKINNER pulls away fast. ANGEL watches his MG go and makes a note of the personalised numberplate 'SS1'. Behind AMANDA PAVER leans out of her car and talks to DANNY.

AMANDA PAVER
What's happened, Danny?

DANNY
A traffic collision...Why can't we say 'accident' again?

ANGEL
Because 'accident' implies there's no one to blame.

59 INT. STATION / C.I.D. OFFICE - DAY 59

WAINWRIGHT
Oh, put a sock in it town mouse!

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

CARTWRIGHT
You want to be a big cop in a small town, fuck off up the model village.

The ANDES sit in their office eating ice-cream. DANNY enters with another bowl, which ANGEL declines.

ANGEL
I'm just saying, things aren't always simple as they look.

WAINWRIGHT
But most times they are. Let's wait until Dr. Hatcher comes back with something, before you go jumping the Kalishnikov.

ANGEL
Well, in the meantime, why not start by checking out some of Martin Blower's clients?

WAINWRIGHT
Martin Blower represents damn near most of the village. You want us to go through the whole phone book?

CARTWRIGET
Yeah, we'll put a call into Aaron A. Aarronson shall we?

ANGEL
Please don't be childish. At least think about interviewing the widow? Mr Blower was clearly having an affair with Eve Draper.

WAINWRIGHT
And how did you establish that?

DANNY slams his fist on the table. ANGEL jumps.

DANNY
We sat through three hours of so-called acting last night. The kiss was the only convincing moment in it.

DANNY flashes a grin at a bemused ANGEL.

WAINWRIGHT
What else you got, Dr. Sherlock?

ANGEL
Simon Skinner.

WAINWRIGHT
What about him?

ANGEL
He was acting suspiciously at the collision scene.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

CARTWRIGHT
He runs the local supermarket.

WAINWRIGHT
Anything else?

ANGEL
Skid marks.

WAINWRIGHT
Now who's being childish?

ANGEL
There were no skid marks at the scene. Don't you think it's a little strange that Mr. Blower would lose control of the car and not think to apply his brakes?

For the first time, the ANDES do not have an answer.

ANGEL
If there are no skid marks it follows that for three hundred yards the driver and the passenger made no attempt to prevent their fate. You don't have to be a detective to work that out.

DANNY
Yeah!

FRANK pops into the office. He's also eating ice cream.

FRANK
You causing trouble?

ANGEL
I was talking to the 'detectives' about the 'accident'.

DANNY
'Yeah'.

FRANK
Dreadful business. You free?

WAINWRIGHT & CARTWRIGHT
Yes they are.

FRANK
Good. Got a spot of bother up at Longbarrow Farm. Old Arthur Webley's been clipping hedgerows that don't belong to him.

ANGEL
Right.

WAINWRIGHT
You wanted grass roots.

60 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY 60

DANNY drives a pissed off ANGEL up a dirt road. P.C. BOB WALKER is in the back. SAXON drools on ANGELS shoulder.

ANGEL
Why do we need the dog?

DANNY
It's not the dog we need.

61 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 61

A white haired old farmer, ARTHUR WEBLEY stands at his door with a shotgun broken over his arm.

WEBLEY
Hedgizuhedgeinnit. Iconlychopped etcozicoutn'tseethe view nomore. Wasshemoaninabout?

ANGEL
Right.
(to Danny and Walker)
What did he say?

PC WALKER
Eessad. A hedgeisahedge innit. Heeonlychoppedet cozee cun't see the voo nomore. Whas he moanin' about?'

ANGEL
Right.
(to Danny)
What did he say?

DANNY
He said a hedge is a hedge. He only chopped it down because it spoilt his view. What's Reaper moaning about?

ANGEL
That's not the point Mr. Webley.

WEBLEY
Whyetcoyalwazpickinawmneanywaiz. Iznotthewanrunninabowtallhowersofth enight. Notlykethemoodithwoods.

PC WALKER
Eessad 'Why you pickin onhem. Ees nart the wan runnnin abowt all hours like them hoodi'thwoods.

ANGEL
The what in the what?

DANNY
The hoods in the woods.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

ANGEL
What does he mean by that?

DANNY
Probably them kids.

ANGEL
Mr. Webley, I appreciate your position but you can't go around cutting down other people's hedges without permission.

WEBLEY
Yarghspose.

PC WALKER
'Yargh he suppose'.

DANNY
'Yeah I suppose.'

ANGEL
Thank you.

DANNY/WALKER/WEBLEY
S'alroight.

ANGEL
(points at shotgun)
Oh and Mr. Webley, I trust you have a license for that?

WEBLEY
OharrghIdozfortheesun.

PC WALKER
"Idoez for theesun'

DANNY
He does for this one.

ANGEL
What do you mean by 'this one'?

62 INT. SHED - DAY 62

ANGEL and DANNY peer in as WEBLEY opens the door to a huge outbuilding. The daylight illuminates...an enormous arsenal of antique firearms; RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, BLUNDERBUSSES. It's a museum of firepower.

DANNY
By the power of Grey Skull!

ANGEL
Where on Earth did you get these?

WEBLEY
Foundum.

DANNY
Found 'em.

ANGEL
And what is that?

ANGEL points to an enormous spiky sphere in the corner.

DANNY
Sea mine.

WEBLEY
Seemoine.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

ANGEL
Well Mr. Webley, this is an extremely dangerous collection. It's a wonder nobody's been hurt before.

WEBLEY
Naaarrrgh. Iss jussaloodajunk.

WEBLEY strikes the SEA MINE with his walking stick. ANGEL and DANNY's faces go white. There is a resounding clang...

63 EXT. FARM - DAY 63

ANGEL, DANNY and WEBLEY come bursting out of the shed. They run in heroic slow motion towards a nearby hedge. All three dive over the hedge and land with an enormous crunch.

Seconds pass...Nothing...ANGEL and DANNY stand. They peer over the hedge. More seconds pass... Nothing.

64 INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR/FARM - DAY 64

ANGEL is sat in the squad car on the radio. Behind WEBLEY and DANNY stand with the sea mine.

ANGEL
Apparently it's a replica.

WEBLEY
(hits the seamine)
Thassroit replikaa.

ANGEL
Yes, it's not real.

DANNY
(kicks seamine)
Looks real.

65 INT. STATION - DAY 65

FLASHCUTS; ANGEL and DANNY march in with armfuls of guns, the *curly haired* DESK SERGEANT tags them, the evidence room is filled (with the SEA MINE is stored on a high shelf).

ANGEL
That was a quite an impressive haul today, Constable Butterman.

DANNY
Maybe we should do something to celebrate...unless you have to water your Peace Lily.

ANGEL
What did you have in mind?

66 INT. ROSE AND CROWN - NIGHT 66

The pub is heaving with a huge cross section of people; Neighbourhood Watch, off duty police, even FRANK.

DANNY
Pint of lager, please Roy. And what can I get you that isn't a cranberry juice?

ANGEL
I don't really want to get drunk.

DANNY
You can get a little drunk.

ANGEL
What's your wine selection?

ROY PORTER
Red or white.

ANGEL
Pint of lager, please Roy.

DANNY
That's what I'm talking about.

ANGEL spies the ANDES at the bar and wanders over.

ANGEL
Any developments from this morning?

WAINWRIGHT
Yeah, CSI found nothing, Dr. Hatcher reported no misadventure, Mrs. Blower has four alibis.

ANGEL
And Skinner?

CARTWRIGHT
He runs the local supermarket.

FISHER
Come on Sergeant, it's not your job to investigate this incident is it? Is it?

WAINWRIGHT AND CARTWRIGHT
No it isn't.

ANGEL and DANNY sit down. ANGEL scribbles in his notebook.

DANNY
You don't switch off do you?

ANGEL
You sound like my ex.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

DANNY
Why, did she have a deep voice?

ANGEL
No, she always used to accuse me of not being able to switch off.

DANNY
Well you are always thinking away.

ANGEL
It's what I do.

DANNY
No, no I think it's amazing. I think you're an amazing policeman-

ANGEL
Police officer-

DANNY
What made you want to be a policeman-officer?

ANGEL
I can't remember a time when I didn't want to be a police officer, apart from the summer of 1979 when I wanted to be Kermit The Frog. It all started with my Uncle Derek. He was a Sergeant in the Met. Gave me a police pedal car when I was five. I rode around it every moment I was awake, arresting kids twice my size for littering and spitting. I got beaten up a lot but it didn't stop me. I wanted to be like Uncle Derek.

DANNY
Sounds like a good bloke.

ANGEL
Actually, he was jailed for selling drugs to students. He most likely bought the pedal car with the proceeds. Needless to say I never went near it again. I let it rust. But I never forgot that clear sense of right and wrong I felt at the wheel of that pedal car and I refused to accept that corruption was the inevitable consequence of authority. I had to prove to myself that the law could be proper and righteous and for the good of humankind. I knew then, I was destined to be a police officer.

DANNY
Shame.

ANGEL
How so?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

DANNY
You would've made a great muppet.

ANGEL laughs. It's the first time we have seen him do this.

ANGEL
So, what made you want to be a police officer?

DANNY
Dad does it...I think after Mum died, it's what he wanted. Keep me close by.

ANGEL
Do you mind if I ask how she died?

DANNY
Traffic collision.

ANGEL
I'm sorry.

DANNY
Aw, don't worry...watch this.

DANNY sticks a fork in his eye, scarlet squirts everywhere.

ANGEL
Jesus Christ!

DANNY
Ta-daaaa!

DANNY reveals a TOMATO KETCHUP sachet. ANGEL laughs.

DANNY
It's your round.

FLASH CUTS. The night wears on. The glasses on the table multiply. DANNY and ANGEL are both tipsy and enjoy each other's company. DANNY beats ANGEL at bar skittles.

LATER. ANGEL finds his way to the bar. He sees a beaming SIMON SKINNER sitting at the bar with another gentleman.

SKINNER
Ah, 777. Do join us. You've met George Merchant haven't you?

GEORGE MERCHANT is drunk and morose. ANGEL sits at the bar.

SKINNER
We were just talking about the accident. Dreadful business.

MERCHANT
I'd come to knows Martin and Eve very well of late. Such a lossss.

SKINNER
What say we drink to their demise?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3) 66

ANGEL
Isn't it drink to their memory?

SKINNER
Of course. Cheers.

GEORGE MERCHANT
I mussh go to the little boyssh room.

MERCHANT gets off his stool. He is remarkably short.

SKINNER
Little being the operative word.
He'll be in bits tomorrow.

SKINNER moves off. ANGEL watches him go, swivelling on his stool. It's a cool moment. Until ANGEL slips off his seat.

FRANK
Think somebody needs to go home.

ANGEL
I'm not that drunk sir.

FRANK
Not you. Him.

FRANK points to GEORGE MERCHANT who stands in the corner, with his nob out, pissing on the cigarette machine.

67 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 67

ANGEL and DANNY carry GEORGE MERCHANT along the street. He is unconscious, his feet not touching the ground.

DANNY
Hey, we *did* get a little drunk.
Geddit? It's funny 'cos he's little.

ANGEL spies the HOODIES huddled round a bus shelter. He gestures for DANNY to be quiet and sneaks over.

ANGEL
Evening all.

The HOODIES spin around and freeze. A small 'WATCH OUT' is freshly sprayed on the shelter. ANGEL holds out his hand.

ANGEL
Give it here.

A SPRAY CAN sails past ANGEL's head and hits GEORGE MERCHANT full in the face. He and DANNY fall to the floor.

The HOODIES scatter. ANGEL steams over, grabbing HOODIE 1 and pulling him back into a nearby bin. ANGEL grabs HOODIE 2 and spins him round, pulling the hood off his face.

ANGEL finds himself face to face with the BLONDE SCHOOLKID. HOODIE 1 meanwhile, clambers out of the bin and runs off.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

A thrown ANGEL looks on, as the BLONDE SCHOOLKID flips his hood back up and runs off.

DANNY
Let em go. They'll come round again.

68 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 68

ANGEL and DANNY continue onward, struggling with MERCHANT.

ANGEL
We know where his house is, right?

DANNY
Oh yes.

DANNY stops, looking up at the monstrous piece of architecture.

DANNY
Six months ago, that was a pear orchard.

ANGEL
I want to throw up, but I fear it may add value.

MERCHANT is suddenly awake. His eyes glazed.

MERCHANT
Jussst here. How much do I owe youss?

DANNY
Twenty quid.

MERCHANT gives DANNY £20 quid. ANGEL gives it back.

ANGEL
Thank you and here's your change.

MERCHANT disappears inside. ANGEL and DANNY walk away.

ANGEL
I wouldn't want to be him in the morning.

They walk out of shot, revealing...A CLOAKED FIGURE!

69 EXT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 69

A light flicks on. We see GEORGE MERCHANT stumbling around his hall. We also the CLOAKED FIGURE watching, waiting...

70 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 70

DANNY and ANGEL arrive at DANNY's front door.

DANNY
Well, this is me.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
I shall see you in the morning.

DANNY
Unless you wanna come in for a coffee?

ANGEL
I don't drink coffee.

DANNY
Tea?

ANGEL
No, no caffeine after midday.

DANNY
How about another beer?

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 71

A fridge opens...We see a number of bottled beers...

GEORGE MERCHANT grabs a beer and swigs it as he staggers to the toilet. Outside the CLOAKED FIGURE watches.

MERCHANT put his beer on the cistern and has a piss...He flushes, zips up and retrieves his beer from the cistern. As he stands back up, behind him we see...

The CLOAKED FIGURE. Who strikes him with a cudgel. Bang!

72 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

ANGEL drops down onto DANNY's sofa and surveys the untidy room. DANNY appears to be living out of cardboard boxes.

ANGEL
When did you move in?

DANNY enters from the kitchen with two cans of beer.

DANNY
About five years ago.

ANGEL
You should get some pot plants.

DANNY
Oh yeah?

ANGEL
Yes, I've been tending a Peace Lily for three years now. NASA rates it as one of top ten air cleaning plants. It oxygenates the room, it helps me think, it relieves stress. Its needs are simple. Janine said I loved my Lily more than her.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

DANNY
Is that why you split up?

ANGEL
It was more about being obsessed with the job.

DANNY
But, that's good though innit?

ANGEL
I don't know, I did miss a few dinners, parties, a birthday or two. I just want to be good at what I do.

DANNY
You are good at what you do. You've just got to learn to switch off.

ANGEL
You know Danny, I don't know how.

DANNY
I'll show you how.

DANNY opens a cupboard that is stacked full of alphabetized VHS tapes. It's the most ordered area of the entire flat.

ANGEL
By the power of Greyskull.

DANNY carefully selects two tapes.

DANNY
Point Break or Bad Boys 2?

ANGEL
Which one do you think I'll prefer?

DANNY
No, I mean which one do you wanna watch first?

ANGEL
You are pulling my leg?

73 INT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 73

MERCHANT is dragged by his feet and dumped into a kitchen chair...GLOVED HANDS empty beans into a pan... Bacon is fried...Gas taps are turned on full...Gas hisses...

74 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 74

Static hisses as the video flickers to life.

ANGEL
So, what's this actually about?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

DANNY
An FBI agent who goes under cover to infiltrate a gang of wild wave riding, sky diving, bank robbers but falls in love with the surfing lifestyle and the leader's girlfriend and ends up having to make some very tough choices.

ANGEL
So it's based on a true story?

DANNY
Now that I don't know.

ANGEL
No I just mean, it doesn't sound particularly realistic.

DANNY
Well, it's a film innit?

75 INT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 75

Hiss...GLOVED HANDS light a candle in the living room. Hiss...MERCHANT lies motionless in the chair....Hiss...

76 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 76

DANNY and ANGEL are on the sofa, watching 'Point Break'.

ANGEL
Well, I hope this character likes paperwork. He's just discharged his weapon, eight times into the air, without due purpose. In reality every shell discharged will require a follow up report and...

DANNY
Shhh. That's nothing man. This is about to go off!

77 EXT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 77

KA-BOOOOOOM. MERCHANT's flaming body flies through the air.

78 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 78

DANNY's head rests on ANGEL as they sleep on the sofa. Daylight fills the room as 'Bad Boys 2' blares from the TV.

MARTIN LAWRENCE
This shit just got real!

The phone rings. They open their eyes at the same time.

79 EXT. GEORGE MERCHANT'S HOUSE - MORNING 79

DR. HATCHER
Nasty way to go.

The Sandford Police survey the smoking black husk of Merchant's house. His twisted and burnt cadaver is covered up by DR. HATCHER. Paramedics carry him off on a gurney.

DR. HATCHER (cont'd)
Seems Mr. Merchant tried to have a little fry up and left the gas on.

DORIS THATCHER
They say you shouldn't eat late at night.

FISHER
So what do we reckon? Angel?

FISHER looks to a spectacularly groggy ANGEL and DANNY.

ANGEL
We should set up a proper cordon, keep people back, let the fire crew finish and get the forensics to do a thorough sweep.

FISHER
Right. What he said.

ANGEL spots a crew of workmen on the periphery, waiting to clear the scene. TIM MESSENGER appears, notebook in hand.

MESSENGER
Sergeant, a quick word?

ANGEL
Mr. Messenger, please. A statement will be issued shortly.

MESSENGER
Actually I just wanted to find out, 'What's your perfect Sunday'?

FISHER
I'll deal with the press Sergeant. Now, my perfect Sunday would begin --

FISHER leads MESSENGER away. ANGEL sees SIMON SKINNER amongst a crowd of onlookers. SKINNER waves 'hello'.

WAINWRIGHT
What you thinking? Foul play?

ANGEL
Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

WAINWRIGHT
We're just waiting to speak to the last people to see Merchant alive, namely Sergeant Knickerless Asswipe and Constable Fanny Butterdog.

DANNY
That's us.

The ANDES collapse with into sniggers.

ANGEL
Why is this such a big joke to you? Three people have died in less than a week.

WAINWRIGHT
So? They were accidents. People have accidents everyday.

CARTWRIGHT
Ron Spencer got his cravat caught in the mulcher the other year.

ANGEL
But the victims knew each other.

CARTWRIGHT
Everyone knows everyone round 'ere.

WAINWRIGHT
Yeah. If you didn't see anything suspicious, then who did?

80 INT. STATION / CCTV OFFICE- DAY 80

TOM WEAVER spools through footage on his CCTV monitors. ANGEL, DANNY, FRANK and the ANDES look on.

WEAVER
Bit of a blind spot I'm afraid. We're not that well covered around George Merchant's. We only get the very edge of the explosion.

FRANK
Nasty way to go.

WEAVER
One thing that did catch my eye.

ANGEL
What's that?

WEAVER
You sticking it to these herberts!

WEAVER shows a replay of the drunken HOODIE fight and whoops with delight. The ANDES snigger. ANGEL fumes.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

ANGEL
This is irrelevant.

WEAVER
I beg to differ. It's the closest we've come to nabbing the bastards.

ANGEL
Mr. Weaver, let's concentrate-

WEAVER pauses the tape on a blurred shot of the BLONDE KID.

WEAVER
Did you get a good look at this little mischief? What did he-

ANGEL
Forget that, just keep looking for anything out of the ordinary in the immediate area of Merchant's residence. Make a note of any car registrations spotted in the vicinity. In particular, look out for a Red MG, license 'SS1'.

FRANK
Nicholas, can I have a mo?

81 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 81

FRANK
You've got to ease off on these Skinner allegations. He's the manager of the local supermarket.

ANGEL
With respect sir-

FRANK
Listen, you are an excellent officer, truly excellent, but you do have to let the Andes do their job. If there's anything amiss, we'll hear soon enough. Until then we have to regard these incidents as accidents.

ANGEL
Yes sir.

FRANK
You can call me Frank if you want.

FRANK leaves. ANGEL looks up to the photo on the wall. It is of an officer with a big bushy beard; 'Sgt. Popwell'.

WEAVER (O.S.)
Sergeant Angel, I think I've found what you're looking for.

ANGEL runs excitedly over to WEAVER's office. The ANDES follow suit, as do DANNY and FRANK. They see CCTV footage of the SWAN waddling past Merchant's house.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

WAINWRIGHT
It was the Swan all along.

ANGEL
This is not *funny* Detective!

CARTWRIGHT
Oh give over Miss Marples.

WAINWRIGHT
Yeah, let us do our job and you do yours.

82 EXT. CHURCH FETE - DAY 82

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Lovely day for it Sergeant?

A bored ANGEL patrols at a bustling fete. We see impressive floral displays and banners reading 'SAVE THE CHURCH ROOF' and promoting Sandford for 'VILLAGE OF THE YEAR'. REV. SHOOTER sidles up to ANGEL with a tray of drinks.

REV. SHOOTER
Sergeant Angel, would your theological reservations preclude you from assisting me with the raffle this afternoon? There's a glass of Joyce Cooper's lemonade in it for you.

ANGEL takes a glass and downs it, to SHOOTER'S delight.

REV. SHOOTER (cont'd)
Marvellous.

ANGEL slumps into a nearby chair and surveys the fete. He sees a child messily eating a ice lolly. He looks up to see the father, SGT. FISHER doing the same. He sees DORIS THATCHER standing with two burly men, giggling at a pig being spit roasted. He sees WALKER feed candy floss to SAXON.

ANGEL also spies the LIVING STATUE, then sees TOM WEAVER next to him, whispering furiously into his walkie-talkie.

BONG. A bell rings as LURCH plays a 'TEST YOUR STRENGTH' game. SKINNER lurks nearby, manning a 'BASH THE RAT' stall and staring into the distance. Thunder rumbles.

ANGEL follows his gaze over to TIM MESSENGER having an animated discussion with LESLIE TILLER, the florist...

CARTWRIGHT (O.S.)
Shark!

ANGEL jumps. The ANDES appear, clutching cans of Cider.

WAINWRIGHT
Seen any murderings Nicholarse?

FRANK and DANNY approach dressed in wild west gear.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

FRANK
Come on now boys. Leave Sergeant Angel alone, he's working.

YOUNG MAN
Where are the bogs?

ANGEL
There are chemical toilets situated at the back of the churchyard.

CARTWRIGHT
I see what you mean chief.

WAINWRIGHT
Hate to waste anymore police time.

The ANDES slope off, swigging their cider.

FRANK
Actually Nicholas. You may as well have a break.

DANNY
Great. I've got something to show you.

ANGEL follows DANNY through the crowd until they come to a stop at an AIR RIFLE RANGE, run by a smiling DR. HATCHER.

ANGEL
This is a rifle range.

DANNY
It's only air rifles. You'll be really good at it.

HATCHER
Three cans wins you a La-La, five gets you a Pooh. Hit 'em all and you waltz off with the big monkey.

ANGEL
I thought I made it clear to you how I felt about guns.

DANNY
It is for a big monkey.

ANGEL grudgingly takes an air rifle. DANNY smiles expectantly. ANGEL fires, hitting every can dead centre with amazing speed. He lowers the rifle, feeling excited and unclean at once. The ANDES watch, swigging their cider.

ANGEL hands the rifle to an awed DANNY, who inspects it.

DANNY
Wow...that was-

DANNY accidentally pulls the trigger. We hear an agonized yelp. DR. HATCHER drops on the floor clutching his leg.

83 EXT. FETE - DAY 83

ANGEL and DANNY walk away from the stall: ANGEL clutching the CUDDLY MONKEY, DANNY in shock. Behind a Saint John's Ambulance team attend to DR. HATCHER, who's in some pain.

DANNY
I can't believe I shot someone.

ANGEL
I'm sure he can deal with it.

DANNY
But I've never shot anyone before.

ANGEL
Believe me Constable. It's not something you ever get used to.

DANNY
Maybe we should go on the bouncy castle. Take our minds off it.

ANGEL spies SKINNER talking heatedly with TIM MESSENGER.

DANNY
What is it?

Thunder rumbles. Before ANGEL can answer, a YOUNG BOY runs right into him. We see that it is the BLONDE SCHOOL KID. He and ANGEL lock eyes. The boy looks terrified.

VOICE (O.S.)
Watch where you're going Gabriel.

ANGEL turns to see the grandfather. It's TOM WEAVER.

WEAVER
I do apologise for my grandson. Stand up straight Gabriel, this is Sergeant Angel.

ANGEL
I've met Gabriel before actually.

WEAVER
Oh, have you?

GABRIEL looks extremely anxious. His eyes go wide.

ANGEL
Yes. I gave a talk at the school, didn't I Gabriel?

GABRIEL
Yeah.

ANGEL
Maybe we'll get a chance to have another little chat sometime.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

WEAVER
I'm sure Gabriel would love that.

ANGEL
You have a good afternoon.

WEAVER and GABRIEL walk off. GABRIEL looks back at ANGEL, his expression of confusion and relief.

DANNY
What was that about?

Before ANGEL can answer...a breathless TIM MESSENGER appears, slamming into ANGEL.

TIM MESSENGER
Sergeant Angel, I need to talk to you about George Merchant. Alone. It might be less conspicuous if you don't bring the monkey.

ANGEL
I'd thank you to treat Constable Butterman with more respect.

TIM MESSENGER
I was talking about that.

MESSENGER nods to ANGEL's giant CUDDLY MONKEY.

ANGEL
Oh.

TIM MESSENGER
The churchyard. Ten minutes.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Bash the rat?

SKINNER appears from nowhere. MESSENGER hurries off. ANGEL spins around angrily to face SKINNER.

SKINNER
A game of 'Bash The Rat' for you both?

DANNY
Yeah, go on then.

REV. SHOOTER (TANNOY)
Could we have Sergeant Angel to the stage please?

ANGEL gives the CUDDLY MONKEY to DANNY and walks off.

84 EXT. FETE - DAY 84

A distracted ANGEL takes to a makeshift stage where the REV. SHOOTER stands with a tombola and a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

REV. SHOOTER
Here to announce the winners is the newest edition to the Sandford Police Force-

ANGEL
(under breath)
Police service.

REV. SHOOTER
-Sergeant Nicholas Angel.

ANGEL
Hello.

A buzz of feedback from the mic. ANGEL eyes the clock. It's 3pm. The tombola spins...

...MESSENGER waits in the churchyard, looks at his watch.

...ANGEL picks a name from the tombola.

ANGEL
The first name is Simon Skinner.

ANNETTE ROPER
He's in the loo!

REV. SHOOTER
Too much of Joyce's lemonade perhaps.

Laughter from the crowd. Thunders rumbles...

...We see a BLACK GLOVED HANDS on a church door handle...

...The tombola spins. ANGEL looks at the clock...

...We see BLACK BOOTS race up belfry steps...

...MESSENGER still waits. Sweat forms on his brow...

...ANGEL picks another name.

ANGEL
Tim Messenger.

There's much hub-bub. Thunder rumbles. Closer this time. ANGEL looks in the crowd frantically...

...Unseen a CLOAKED FIGURE steps onto the church roof...

...ANGEL jumps down off the makeshift stage.

...BLACK GLOVED HANDS pushes on a loose turret stone.

...TIM MESSENGER stands directly below...

...ANGEL strides through the crowd...

...The gloved hand presses on the turret. The stone cracks...

84 CONTINUED: (2) 84

...ANGEL breaks into a run. He reaches the churchyard...

...The stone breaks away from the roof and falls down.

...ANGEL runs in the churchyard, sees TIM MESSENGER-

SPLAT. The tip of the stone CRUSHES MESSENGER'S head!

ANGEL jerks back in horror. TIM MESSENGER now looks utterly surreal, with an upside down cone where his head should be.

The off duty police arrive on the scene, along with many of the NWA. SIMON SKINNER runs over from a chemical toilet.

FRANK
Keep back. There's been a terrible accident!

There's much hub-bub and murmurs of the word 'accident' from the crowd. FISHER steps in, not having seen the body.

FISHER
What accident?
(he sees it)
Oh right.

ANGEL grimaces, looks to the church roof and races off.

85 EXT. CHURCH STEPS / ROOF - CONTINUOUS 85

ANGEL runs up the church steps to the roof. He flings the door open and peers out. There's no-one there.

He comes back down to find all the off duty police waiting at the door, along with a troubled REV.SHOOTER.

FRANK
Nicholas, what is it?

ANGEL
Sir, I think all these deaths are linked. Tim Messenger was murdered.

REV. SHOOTER
Who could do something like this?

WAINWRIGHT
Maybe it was the swan. Apparently they can break a man's arm.

CARTWRIGHT
And blow up a man's house.

FRANK
Whoa down there Nicholas. Are you saying this is a crime scene?

ANGEL
Yes sir, I am.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

FRANK
Very well, detectives, start interviewing everyone who was at the fete. Sgt Fisher, get the CSI down here. PC Walker patrol the area with Saxon. Nicholas, Danny...you know what to do.

86 EXT. CHURCHYARD - NIGHT 86

ANGEL and DANNY sit in the rain at the crime scene. DANNY still wears his cowboy outfit and clutches the MONKEY.

DANNY
Do you really think this is murder?

ANGEL
I just don't think we should rule it out.

DANNY
Yeah. I think you're right.

PC WALKER passes with SAXON.

WALKER
Ifinkyertarkinaloodashitt.

DANNY
He thinks you're talking a load of shit. Swings and roundabouts innit?

The ANDES wander past. ANGEL and DANNY get up and approach.

ANGEL
Did you find anything?

WAINWRIGHT
Yes I was extremely shocked when I looked at my watch and discovered the pubs were shut.

ANGEL
What about his house? Have you checked his office? Read his articles?

CARTWRIGHT
If you want to wade through every copy of the Sandford bloody Citizen, be our guest.

ANGEL
It's your job isn't it? Detect!

WAINWRIGHT
This isn't the city, Angel. Not everyone's a murdering psychopath. High time you realised that. You and your monkey.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

DANNY
What's he got to do with it?

DANNY holds up the CUDDLY MONKEY. A furious ANGEL closes his eyes. The ANDES walk off into the night sniggering.

DANNY
Maybe we should go home.

ANGEL
What do you mean?

DANNY
Well, there's nothing going on is there?

ANGEL
Have you listened to anything I've said Constable?

DANNY
What do you mean?

ANGEL
Has anything I've told you in the last few weeks got through that thick skull of yours?

DANNY
Yeah, you said I could be an amazing policeman officer.

ANGEL
There's *always* something going on Danny and you'll never be an amazing police officer until you understand that.

DANNY
I remembered something else you said.

ANGEL
And what's that?

DANNY
You don't know how to switch off.

ANGEL stalks back to his stool and again guards the cordon. He sits alone in the rain, soaking to the skin.

87 INT. SWAN HOTEL CORRIDOR / BEDROOM - NIGHT 87

ANGEL approaches his door. He unlocks it and enters. On the bed is the sodden CUDDLY MONKEY and a card reading -

'This was left for you at reception. Regards Joyce'

ANGEL puts the card on the table and spies the copy of the 'Sandford Citizen' featuring him on the cover. He sees the byline 'Words and Pictures by Tim Messenger'.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

ANGEL flicks through paper, past mundane stories; 'Bypass Still Unannounced', 'Sandford Family Trees'.

He stops at a feature entitled *'Sandford People'* with an accompanying photo of George Merchant. A quote reads *"This is just the beginning. I have big plans for Sandford"*. ANGEL looks inspired. He grabs his pen and notebook.

88 EXT/INT. LIBRARY - MORNING 88

ANGEL sits at a table surrounded by archived volumes of the Sandford Citizen. He flips through the pages at speed.

We see FLASHCUTS of ANGEL scouring articles, photocopying relevant pages, highlighting crucial sentences and even correcting the odd typo. It's a blizzard of information.

We see ANGEL highlight a sentence reading *'Mr. G. Merchant has applied for planning permission...'*. We see another headline, *'George Of The Jungle: Merchant Buys Scrubland'*.

We see a photo of MARTIN BLOWER outside the Sandford Playhouse. The headline reads *'From Bar to Verse: Solicitor Finances Drama Society'*.

The pages flip faster, the words start to blur. There has never been a more exciting scene in film history.

89 INT. STATION - MORNING 89

A glum DANNY sits at a desk. ANGEL enters. DANNY doesn't look up. ANGEL struggles with a guilty greeting.

ANGEL
Morning Constable.

DANNY
Morning.

ANGEL
Thank you for the monkey.

DANNY
It's yours.

ANGEL
Yeah but I won it for you.
(smiles apologetically)
I think I'm on to something.

DANNY
Are you?

ANGEL
I think with a little bit of deliberation we can figure out what links these deaths.

ANGEL slaps a thick bundle of photocopies on the table.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

DANNY
We?

ANGEL
I can't do this by myself Danny.

DANNY looks touched. The ANDES breeze past their desk.

WAINWRIGHT
Morning benders.

CARTWRIGHT
What you up to?

DANNY
Nothing.

The ANDES leave. ANGEL smiles at DANNY.

ANGEL
Come on partner, lets go to work.

FISHER pokes his head out of his office, a note in hand.

FISHER
Sergeant Angel. Someone from London rang for you.

ANGEL
Tell them I'll ring 'em back.

90 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 90

DANNY and ANGEL walk their beat, striding in perfect time.

ANGEL
Tim Messenger.

DANNY
Hit me.

ANGEL
Editor and journalist for The Sandford Citizen.

DANNY
Uh-huh.

ANGEL
Fondness for puns.

DANNY
Terrible speller.

ANGEL
But nevertheless had uncovered important information about...

91 INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY 91

ANGEL and DANNY neglect their speed gun duty.

DANNY
George Merchant.

ANGEL
Millionaire. Fancied himself as a property developer. Had big plans for Sandford.

DANNY
Pissed on the floor in the Rose and Crown.

ANGEL
But more importantly, was a good friend and client of...

92 INT/EXT. STREET - DAY 92

ANGEL and DANNY walk the beat again.

ANGEL
Martin Blower. Respected solicitor and leading light of the local drama society.

DANNY
Bad actor.

ANGEL
Undoubtedly.

DANNY
Bad driver.

ANGEL
Not necessarily.

DANNY
Cheated on his missus.

ANGEL
Most certainly and we both know who with?

93 EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY 93

ANGEL and DANNY drive back to the sation.

DANNY
Eve Draper.

ANGEL
Blower's leading lady.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

DANNY
Affirmatron.

ANGEL
Distinctive laugh.

DANNY
Liked older men.

ANGEL
But crucially, where did she work?

DANNY
Council.

ANGEL
Specifically?

DANNY
The department of planning and development.

ANGEL
Where George Merchant had secured permission to build his dubious mansion on Norris Avenue.

94 INT. STATION - EVENING 94

Back in the office, the energy flags. DANNY has his head on the table, ANGEL flicks endlessly through his notes.

DANNY
So, Tim Messenger was onto something about George Merchant who was into something with Martin Blower who was up to something with Eve Draper.

ANGEL
And somehow, Simon Skinner has something to do with it all.

DANNY
But he runs the local supermarket.

ANGEL
So?

DANNY
Look, maybe it was all accidents. People have accidents everyday. Gary Butcher drowned in his own septic tank the other month.

ANGEL puts his head on the table too. FRANK swings by.

FRANK
What are you two up to?

94 CONTINUED: 94

ANGEL
Nothing.

FRANK
Well, look sharp. There's been reports of a fire in the station.

ANGEL
What?!

FRANK produces a cake with a single candle stuck in it. The other officers gather round, singing 'Happy Birthday'. ANGEL then notices cards and banners that have clearly been there the whole day. All reading 'Happy Birthday Danny'.

ANGEL
You should have said something.

DANNY
We were working weren't we?

ANGEL is ashamed of himself. He slinks away to the door.

DANNY
Where you going?

ANGEL
Personal errand.

95 EXT. STATION - EVENING 95

The squad car races along a street, lights flashing.

96 EXT. FLORISTS/NURSERY - EVENING 96

ANGEL pulls up outside 'FLOWERS BY LESLIE' and puts his notebook emphatically on the dashboard.

ANGEL arrives at the door, as LESLIE TILLER is shutting up.

ANGEL
Oh Mrs. Tiller, I was wondering, have you got any Peace Lilies?

LESLIE TILLER
Of course. I was just about to pop off actually.

97 INT. FLORIST/NURSERY - EVENING 97

LESLIE TILLER cuts wrapping paper with large garden shears.

LESLIE TILLER
I can never find my scissors. Is this for someone special?

ANGEL
Yes, they are.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

ANGEL spies packing crates and boxes on the floor.

ANGEL
Are you going somewhere Miss Tiller?

LESLIE TILLER
No. Well, yes. I'm moving away. It's all a bit out of the blue. I was planning to disappear quietly actually. I do so hate goodbyes.

ANGEL
And why the move, if you don't mind me asking?

LESLIE TILLER
Well, just between you and I...

LESLIE TILLER seems a little edgy. ANGEL is intrigued.

ANGEL
Yes?

LESLIE TILLER
You know that fella who blew up?

ANGEL
George Merchant.

LESLIE TILLER
That's him, well George Merchant - god rest him - he wanted to buy this land, so he sends round his legal fella Martin Blower - god rest him - I thought I might take them up on it, because I've been thinking about moving for some time, I haven't really got that much family round here, save for Cousin Sissy. Plus while the 'Village Of The Year' stuff is great and everything, I don't really see anything from it, so I thought I might take them up on the offer and move to Buford Abbey. Would you like a card with this?

ANGEL
No, it's okay. You were saying about the offer?

LESLIE TILLER
Well, it turns out that Martin Blower - god rest him - knew where the new bypass road is going because he was knocking off Eve Draper from the council - god rest her - then that reporter - god rest him - finds out about the route and tells me the land's very valuable, ten times what George Merchant and Martin Blower - god rest them - offered me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2) 97

LESLIE TILLER (cont'd)
So with them having passed on and me still owning the land, I decided to sell it on myself to some folks from the city that Martin, George and Eve - god rest the lot of them - had been talking to, apparently they want to build a big shopping centre or something, of course Cousin Sissy won't be too happy about that, but as far as I'm concerned -

ANGEL pats his pockets for his note book.

ANGEL
Would you excuse me for one second?

LESLIE TILLER
Of course.

98 EXT. FLORIST/NURSERY - NIGHT 98

ANGEL leaves the florist. He runs back to the car to get his pocketbook. In the background we can see LESLIE TILLER wrapping the flowers - but we can also see -

The CLOAKED FIGURE slips in from the back room of the shop, grabs the shears and plunges them into LESLIE TILLER's throat. Blood spurts all over the counter and front window.

ANGEL turns back to see...TILLER dead. Shears in her neck. The blood. A SHADOW disappearing into the backroom...

ANGEL runs towards the florist, throwing his truncheon at the window. It shatters a second before he jumps through.

99 INT/EXT. FLORIST/BACKROOM/NURSERY - NIGHT 99

ANGEL runs into the backroom, to see the CLOAKED FIGURE running through the connecting greenhouse. He gives chase.

ANGEL
Stop. In the name of the law!

SMASH. The CLOAKED FIGURE jumps through a greenhouse window, catching their leg on the frame.

ANGEL is almost on top of him and jumps through the newly smashed window. Landing, he looks up to see the FIGURE now a good 50 metres ahead, heading for a gap in the hedge.

ANGEL sprints off again. Gains on the CLOAKED FIGURE, just as they slips through a gap in the hedge.

As ANGEL clears the hedge, he sees the FIGURE is now on the other side of a road, sprinting across a park.

ANGEL runs across the road, avoiding being hit by a BLUE HATCH-BACK and a GREEN 4X4 which appear from nowhere...

ANGEL sees the FIGURE disappear inside a PUBLIC TOILET.

99 CONTINUED: 99

Inside, ANGEL finds the window open and the CLOAKED FIGURE, 100 metres down the road. ANGEL is confused and amazed.

100 EXT. FLORISTS / NURSERY - NIGHT 100

Back at the florist. ANGEL and FISHER stare at LESLIE TILLER who lies dead, shears protruding from her neck.

FISHER
Whoa, whoa, whoa. You're saying this wasn't an accident?

101 INT. STATION - NIGHT 101

ANGEL
LESLIE TILLER WAS FUCKING MURDERED!

ANGEL slams a pound coin into the swearbox. The assembled officers look at him as if he is insane.

CARTWRIGHT
What just like Tim Messenger?

ANGEL
Yes!

WAINWRIGHT
And George Merchant?

ANGEL
Yes!

CARTWRIGHT
And Eve Draper?

ANGEL scrawls on a piece of paper the word 'YES'.

WAINWRIGHT
And Martin Blower?

ANGEL
No, actually.

CARTWRIGHT
Really?

ANGEL
OF COURSE HE FUCKING WAS!

DANNY pops another coin in the swearbox.

ANGEL
Thank you Danny.

WAINWRIGHT
Oh Murder, Murder, Murder. Change the fucking record.

CARTWRIGHT pops a coin in the swearbox for WAINWRIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

Thank you Andy.

FISHER
Yes come on Sergeant, you've got to accept that it was another terrible accident.

ANGEL
Are you suggesting Leslie Tiller managed to somehow slip and impale herself on her own shears?

FISHER
Ber Fletcher fell on his pitchfork the other week.

DORIS THATCHER
People have accidents everyday. What makes you think it was murder?

ANGEL
Because I was there.

CARTWRIGHT
Yeah, that's a point. Why were you there?

ANGEL
I was buying Constable Butterman a pot plant for his birthday.

WAINWRIGHT
What absolute horseshit.

ANGEL
Look, I chased a suspect from the scene. Innocent people don't run.

FISHER
It might have been our friend the cacti thief again.

DORIS THATCHER
Yeah, he was a prickly customer.

Everyone laughs. ANGEL crumples against the nonsense.

ANGEL
Am I going completely mad?

CARTWRIGHT
Maybe you are? Maybe you killed her, seeing as you're such a big fan of murder.

ANGEL
What!?

FRANK (O.S.)
Sergeant Angel?

FRANK ushers ANGEL into his office and shuts the blinds.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2) 101

FRANK
Nicholas, Nicholas, Nicholas, what am I going to do with you?

ANGEL
Chief, you've got to understand-

FRANK
No, you have to understand, the boys here aren't used to the concepts you're bandying about.
(off Angel's look)
The 'M' word, Nicholas. There hasn't been a recorded murder in Sandford for 20 years.

ANGEL
But I'm sure sir. And what's more, I know who did it.

FRANK
I hope you're not going to say who I think you're going say.

102 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 102

ANGEL
Could I see the manager please?

ANGEL and co. burst into SKINNER's office to find the CHECKOUT GIRL chewing gum. She intones into the tannoy.

CHECKOUT GIRL
Mr. Skinner to the manager's office please.

103 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 103

The cops are all crammed into the office. ANGEL stands purposefully. Various employees look through office window.

SKINNER
Sergeant Angel. Officers. To what do I owe this pleasure?

ANGEL
I'm arresting you on suspicion of the murder of Leslie Tiller.

SKINNER
Leslie Tiller is dead? How?

FISHER
She tripped and fell on her own shears.

ANGEL throws a pen at FISHER's head. He yelps.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

ANGEL
I'm also arresting you on suspicion of the murders of Tim Messenger on May 1st, George Merchant on April 29th and Eve Draper and Martin Blower on April 28th.

SKINNER
Why on earth would I want to do that Sergeant?

ANGEL
I'm glad you asked.

The following is illustrated with oodles of FLASHCUTS. It looks pretty damn cool, for a British film.

ANGEL
My suspicions were first aroused when you appeared at the scene of the Blower/Draper deaths, on the outskirts of the Sandford, despite living and working in the centre of the village. I couldn't help recall your comments at the theatre the previous evening, when you not only indicated your awareness of the couple's affair but also inferred that Ms. Draper's connections at the council might make her privy to important information. You yourself spoke of "bashing her head in". Perhaps hoping you might discover the route for the proposed Sandford Bypass. You were already suspicious that Blower's client George Merchant was buying up an area of land on the edge of the village, after a story Tim Messenger ran in the Citizen. You put two and two together after noting Merchant's use of your car park to visit Blower who you knew all too well had an inside connection at the council. The land Merchant was buying up had no particular value as it was but if it were to be made accessible by a new road, it would become an ideal location for perhaps, a retail park. Consumed with concern for your business and potential disloyalty from fickle customers whom you yourself stated the desire to behead, you killed the potential competition in cold blood, staging the murders as accidents. You used a vehicle removal truck to stage the Blower/Draper crash and incinerated an old man in his house, covering your tracks with the judicial application of bacon and beans. However, there was a loose end. Tim Messenger foolishly confronted you at the village fete, after his own investigations lead him to the same conclusions.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2) 103

ANGEL (cont'd)
So you silenced him, before he could voice his concerns to me but not before he had told Leslie Tiller about the true value of her land. Upon discovering that she was about to sell up to the developers, you brutally murdered her with her own shears and made your escape utilising your impressive prize winning skills as a fun runner.

ANGEL finishes his summation, by resting his hand on a 'fun run' trophy. The room is astonished. SKINNER claps slowly.

SKINNER
Very entertaining, Sergeant Angel. But I rather think you've been watching too many films.

DANNY
He hasn't really.

SKINNER
Why would I kill Leslie? You clearly aren't aware we're related.

ANGEL
Oh but I am, 'Cousin Sissy'.

ANGEL slaps down a photocopied sheet of a family tree article from the 'Sandford Citizen'. Highlighted are Skinner and Tiller's connected names. SKINNER scoffs.

SKINNER
I'm afraid my nickname of Sissy is only a revelation to yourself. My teenage years studying ballet are well known.

WAINWRIGHT
Yeah Sissy Skinner.

CARTWRIGHT
What a gaylord!

SKINNER
Thank you Andrews. Despite my comment about beheading customers, what we here on Planet Sandford like to refer to as 'a joke', I would personally relish the competition of another store. Anything to energise my workforce.

SKINNER gesticulates to his gormless minions outside.

ANGEL
You would relish the competition. Especially if it was yourself. As Miss Tiller's only cousin, you're set to inherit her land, on which you plan to build a Summeraisles Express. The perfect one stop shop for bypass traffic.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3) 103

ANGEL points to the sketch of a new store on the wall.

SKINNER
These sketches are just pipe dreams. Anyway, what makes you think I could dislodge part of the church roof? Or for that matter stage a car crash?

ANGEL
It's a well known fact that the church roof is severely in need of repair. As for the car, isn't it true that two of your employees also operate the council's vehicle removal truck?

ANGEL points to the GRUFF LOOKING BUTCHERS. They are the same GRUFF LOOKING MEN from the removal vehicle earlier.

SKINNER
Sergeant, this is the 21st Century, I'll think you find that many people hold down several jobs. I myself host a life drawing class at the Village Hall.
(nods to Checkout Girl)
Tina here is a table dancer at Flappers.

ANGEL
The thing is Mr. Skinner, you could quite easily have obtained access to the removal vehicle and used it for your own ends.

SKINNER
These accusations are meaningless Sergeant, unless you can back them up with hard evidence.

ANGEL
Well you've certainly got me there. We'd need something conclusive. Like perhaps a wound you sustained on a shard of broken glass this very evening.

ANGEL awkwardly pulls back SKINNER's trouser legs. Nothing.

SKINNER
Oh Sergeant, this is getting to be embarrassing. Apart from anything else, how can I be in several places at once? I'm sure the store's security footage can absolve me. Do feel free to spool through.

104 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 104

A frustrated ANGEL spools a huge pile of VHS tapes. We see CCTV images of SKINNER stagily strolling the shop floor. The other officers drift out of the office, grumbling.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: 104

Soon only DANNY and FRANK remain. FRANK slaps a hand on ANGEL's shoulder and leaves. DANNY picks up another tape.

ANGEL
I can handle this Danny. You enjoy the rest of your birthday.

DANNY
Did you really get me a plant?

ANGEL
Yes, but it's been impounded as evidence.

DANNY
Maybe I can still water it.

DANNY leaves as SKINNER approaches with LURCH.

SKINNER
Sergeant, I wanted you to know that if I do indeed now own the land belonging to Leslie, I intend to turn it into a memorial garden, in her honour.

ANGEL
Oh piss off.

SKINNER
Michael, escort the Sergeant off the premises when he's finished?

LURCH
Yarp.

105 INT. SWAN HOTEL DINING - NIGHT 105

ANGEL eats alone, a broken man. JOYCE serves him wine.

JOYCE COOPER
I can't believe Leslie's dead. How did it happen again?

ANGEL
She tripped and fell on her own shears.

106 INT. STATION LOCKER ROOM - DAY 106

ANGEL and DANNY are getting into uniform. Retrieving his cap, ANGEL sees the word 'TWAT' written on the inside.

DANNY
That wasn't me.

107 INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY 107

DANNY drives a dejected ANGEL round SANDFORD. They pass the site of the old Merchant house. Workmen lay turf on what is now a large green field.

They drive past the church. A workman finishes his repairs. The church roof looks complete again.

DANNY parks in their usual spot, being careful to avoid a man up a ladder tying bunting to a lamp post. DANNY looks at ANGEL, who stares off into space.

DANNY
Look Nicholas. Mr. Treacher's got his big coat on again...Want anything from the shop?

ANGEL
Cornetto.

108 INT. NEWSAGENT - DAY 108

DANNY buys two ice-creams from a smirking ANNETTE ROPER. ANGEL watches on morosely.

ANNETTE ROPER
No luck catching them killers then?

DANNY
It's just the one killer actually.

109 EXT. SQUARE - DAY 109

DANNY throws some change into the fountain. They get into the squad car, licking their ice creams. ANNETTE's words echo in ANGEL's head; *'No luck catching them killers then?'*

Licking his ice cream; ANGEL ponders DANNY's response; *'It's just the one killer actually'*. The words resonate.

ANGEL stops eating his ice cream, his eyes go wide.

DANNY
What's the matter? Brain-freeze?

ANGEL
No brainwave. Get us back to the station. Now!

DANNY starts the car, whilst trying to finish as much of his ice cream as he can. He clutches his head in pain.

DANNY
Arrrgh!

110 EXT. STATION - DAY 110

The squad car screeches to a halt in the car park.

111 INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY 111

ANGEL
It's more than one person.

FRANK
Come again?

ANGEL
More than one killer.

FRANK
It was Skinner a minute ago.

ANGEL
Maybe it still is. Maybe he's not alone. Maybe there are others.

FRANK
Who exactly?

ANGEL
I don't know but we were buying Cornettos and it suddenly hit me-

FRANK
You're an excellent officer, Nicholas. Truly excellent. But I've seen this before.

ANGEL
Sir?

FRANK
Sergeant Popwell. It was exactly the same thing. You've come from a city where there's danger round every corner and it's driven you round the bend.

ANGEL visibly sags. He becomes listless and compliant.

ANGEL
Yes sir.

FRANK
Listen, I'm due at a function in about half an hour. So do yourself a favour. Sleep on it. If you feel the same way in the morning, I give you my word, we'll get right on it.

ANGEL
Thank you sir.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

FRANK
Call me Frank.

112 EXT. STATION - DAY 112

ANGEL leaves the station. DANNY follows, confused.

DANNY
What happened? What's going on?

ANGEL
Nothing. I was just- I'm gonna go back and crash for a bit.

DANNY
Oh okay. Need a lift?

ANGEL
No, I could do with the walk.

ANGEL walks off, feeling guilty. DANNY looks forlorn.

113 EXT. SANDFORD HIGH STREET - DUSK 113

ANGEL trudges home, the street is festooned with bunting.

114 INT. SWAN HOTEL RECEPTION - DUSK 114

ANGEL slopes through the hotel reception. It is empty. A new GUYS AND DOLLS poster shows understudies, Greg and Sherry, smiling as the male and female lead.

115 INT. SWAN HOTEL CORRIDOR - DUSK 115

ANGEL takes out his key. He notices his door is ajar.

SMASH! The door flies open and flattens ANGEL...A huge CLOAKED FIGURE lumbers out and picks him off the floor.

116 INT. SWAN HOTEL BEDROOM - DUSK 116

ANGEL hits the wall with a thud. He gets up and throws several punches at his attacker, but stops, clutching his injured hand. The FIGURE picks ANGEL up in a bear hug. ANGEL struggles, pulling the assailant's hood off to reveal-

LURCH. They look at each other for a second. ANGEL brings his fists down on either side of LURCH's head. LURCH drops ANGEL, holding his ears. ANGEL kicks LURCH in the balls. He barely winces before hurling ANGEL across the room into a painting of the castle. His notebook drops to the floor.

LURCH lumbers towards him. ANGEL grabs the CUDDLY MONKEY and throws it in LURCH's direction. LURCH catches it and is momentarily charmed, hypnotised by the monkey's cute eyes.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

A whistle from offscreen. LURCH turns to see ANGEL upright, brandishing his beloved POT PLANT.

ANGEL
Playtime's over.

SMASH. ANGEL hits LURCH across the head, destroying his Peace Lily in the process. LURCH drops. His walkie-talkie clatters to the floor, crackling to life.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Michael? Michael? Are you there? Michael? Is everything okay?

ANGEL speaks into the Walkie-talkie in a thick brogue.

ANGEL
Yarp.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Sergeant Angel has been taken care of?

ANGEL
Yarp.

SKINNER (O.S.)
He's not going to get back up again?

ANGEL
...Narp?

SKINNER (O.S.)
Good. Proceed to the castle.

ANGEL looks to a castle painting on the wall. He pulls out his phone and dials.

FRANK (O.S.)
You've reached Frank Butterman. Please leave a message after the beep-

ANGEL
Frank. This shit just got real. Skinner just tried to kill me. He's going somewhere. The castle I think. I'm going there now. I don't know who to trust. It's Nicholas by the way.

ANGEL turns to see DANNY at the door and jumps a mile. DANNY looks at LURCH sprawled among the pot plant debris.

DANNY
Oh my god. What happened to your Peace Lily?

ANGEL
Danny. Stay here. Watch him. Call your Dad. Tell him I was right.

DANNY
What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2) 116

ANGEL
I'm going to bust this wide open.

DANNY
Nicholas?

DANNY picks up ANGEL's notebook and puts it in his pocket.

ANGEL
Thanks partner.

117 EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT 117

ANGEL runs down the high street past a National Trust sign pointing toward 'SANDFORD CASTLE'.

118 EXT/INT. CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT 118

ANGEL approaches Sandford Castle ruins, a dilapidated 12th Century Castle. It looks spooky in the dark. ANGEL hears voices coming from inside. We hear chanting-

MASSED VOICES (O.S.)
...bonum commune communitatis...

ANGEL peers into the main hall. He sees several BLACK CLOAKED FIGURES standing around a large circular stone tablet. They hold torches under their faces.

ANGEL makes out familiar faces under the hoods. We see TOM WEAVER, whose words echo in ANGEL's head; *"I can see what the entire village is up to..."*

ANGEL looks to see 12 walkie talkies on the stone tablet - "Everyone's linked up with one of these...Highly effective in exchanging intelligence..."

ANGEL sees SKINNER under one of the hoods. Words echo; *"How can I be in several places at once?"...*

We see FLASHCUTS of the florist chase, now with angles that we didn't see previously; a *second* CLOAKED FIGURE outside the greenhouse, a *third* CLOAKED FIGURE behind the hedge, a *fourth* CLOAKED FIGURE inside the public toilet.

ANGEL spies some of the other faces - JOYCE COOPER, ANNETTE ROPER, JAMES REAPER, REV. SHOOTER, DR. HATCHER, AMANDA PAVER- *"We're basically a group of volunteers who strive to keep the village just so..."*

ANGEL's thoughts flash back to the fountain. We see DANNY throw some change in. The penny drops. We see the plaque; *'This fountain was generously restored with funds raised by F. Butterman, J. Cooper, R. Hatcher, A. Paver...'*

As the CLOAKED FIGURES stop chanting and sit at the tablet, ANGEL is even more horrified by what he hears next...

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

JOYCE COOPER
Quick announcement before we begin. Janet Barker has decided to call her boys Roger and Martin which is lovely. The christening will be Saturday week and all are welcome. Tom?

The CLOAKED FIGURES all swing their torches to WEAVER.

WEAVER
Thanks Joyce. Now you'll be pleased to know that the tenacious Sergeant Angel has now been taken care of. Thanks must go to Simon Skinner for his efforts in this. Our very own Joyce Cooper will discover the officer tomorrow morning, slumped on the wet floor of his ensuite bathroom, having slipped in the shower and tragically broken his neck. Dr. Hatcher will of course confirm the death accidental.

DR. HATCHER
That's what I'm here for.

All torches to DR. HATCHER. There are mild chuckles.

WEAVER
Well, it's certainly been an eventful week, but now at least our most pressing problems have been 'dealt' with.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Oh, I wouldn't say that.

All the torches spin to the direction of the voice.

WEAVER
I see we have visitors.

ANGEL walks into the torch beams, warrant card aloft.

ANGEL
Sergeant Nicholas Angel. Sandford Police Service.

SKINNER
My, he is tenacious isn't he?

ANGEL
I'm placing you all under arrest on suspicion of conspiracy to commit murder.

WEAVER
Oh come, come Sergeant Angel.

ANGEL
You should be ashamed of yourselves. What happened to the community that cares?!

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2) 118

REV. SHOOTER?
Oh, but we do care Nicholas.

JOYCE COOPER
It's all about the greater good.

ALL
The greater good.

ANGEL
What do you mean the greater good?

ALL
The greater good.

SKINNER
Sandford, Nicholas. The village.

DR. HATCHER
A happy village is a healthy village.

REAPER
Perfection breeds contentment and contentment is paramount.

SKINNER
You see, as much as I enjoyed your wild theories Sergeant, the truth is far less complex. Blower's fate was simply the result of his being an appalling actor.

There's a murmur of "appalling".

ANGEL
You murdered him for that?

We see FLASHBACKS of MARTIN BLOWER's dressing room murder. Now, we see new angles with MULTIPLE CLOAKED FIGURES.

REAPER
The Musical Society is an important feather in our cap.

JOYCE COOPER
We couldn't let Blower jeopardize that. Not when we had two semi-professionals waiting in the wings.

SKINNER points to an OLDER COUPLE in cloaks who wave back.

SKINNER
Let us not forget Greg was an extra in Straw Dogs and Sheree-

ANGEL
Yes, I know!

JOYCE COOPER
Martin was less concerned with the reputation of the village than his sordid affair with Eve Draper.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (3) 118

We see FLASHBACKS of EVE's murder by MULTIPLE KILLERS.

ANGEL
And so Eve deserved to die too?

DR. HATCHER
She did have an annoying laugh.

There's a murmur of 'annoying'.

ANGEL
And George Merchant?

SKINNER
He had an awful house.

We see FLASHBACKS of MERCHANT'S 'accidental' explosion. Now, with MULTIPLE CLOAKED FIGURES engineering it.

JOYCE COOPER
We begged him in vain to make his residence more in keeping with the village's rustic aesthetic.

ANGEL
What was Messenger's crime?

SKINNER
Tim Messenger's tenure as editor of the Sandford Citizen has been unbearable. Our once great paper had become riddled with tabloid journalism and dreadful punnery. Not to mention persistent errors.

ROY PORTER
He listed her age as 65.

MARY PORTER
When I'm actually 63.

REV. SHOOTER
The church roof was in need of repair and the insurers wouldn't pay unless it was certified hazardous. Let's just say we killed two birds with one stone.

FLASHBACK of MULTIPLE CLOAKED FIGURES pushing the turret.

ANGEL
What about Leslie Tiller? One of your own? Her horticultural expertise helped put Sandford on the map.

JOYCE COOPER
She was ever so good.

SKINNER
Cousin Leslie was a terrible shame. But it seems she was set on moving away.

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (4) 118

SKINNER (cont'd)
We had to stop her before she shared her green fingered secrets with anyone else.

JOYCE COOPER
Not least the heathens at Buford Abbey.

The NWA simultaneously spit on the ground.

DR. HATCHER
If we can't have her no-one can.

ANGEL
How can this be for the greater good?!

ALL
The greater good.

ANGEL
Shut it. These people died for no reason, no reason whatsoever!

VOICE (O.S.)
Oh I wouldn't say that Nicholas.

All torches move to the voice. To ANGEL's horror, it is FRANK. He wears the OLD FASHIONED POLICE CAPE.

FRANK
I was like you once Nicholas. I believed in the immutable word of the law. That is until the night Mrs. Butterman was taken from me. You see, no-one loved Sandford more than her. She was head of the Women's Institute, chair of the 'floral committee', even ran the Neighbourhood Watch before Tom. When they started the 'Village of the Year' contest, she worked round the clock, it became her life. I've never seen such dedication. On the eve of the adjudicator's arrival, some travellers moved into Hillside Park. Before you could say gypsy scum, we were knee deep in dog muck, thieving kids and crusty jugglers. We lost the title and Iris lost her mind. She drove her Nissan Cherry off Thorburn Cliff and into Sandford Gorge. The inquiry said it was an accident but I knew better. From that moment on I swore that I'd do her proud. And whatever the cost, we'd make Sandford a great place to live.

ANGEL
Frank, this doesn't make sense.

118 CONTINUED: (5) 118

FRANK
It makes perfect sense, Nicholas. I gathered together a group of the most faithful Sandfordians and showed them how we might rid our streets of the paedophiles and perverts-

REV. SHOOTER
-the shoplifters-

JOYCE COOPER
-the shirtlifters-

WEAVER
-the punks, the drunks-

ANNETTE ROPER
-the thugs, the mugs-

SKINNER
-the hams, the shams-

REV. SHOOTER
-the drifters, the grifters-

DR. HATCHER
-the dodgers, the bodgers-

JOYCE COOPER
-the hawkers, the stalkers-

ROY PORTER
-the gypsies, tramps-

MARY PORTER
-and thieves-

ANNETTE ROPER
-the paedophiles, the perverts-

ANGEL
Yeah, you've had them.

FRANK
The adjudicators arrive tomorrow Nicholas. They were supposed to arrive in a couple of months but they brought it forward for some reason. We had to make sure everything was ready.

ANGEL
Are you saying this was all about winning the 'Best Village Award'?

FRANK
This is the best village Nicholas. You've seen the people. They're happy, contented. Most of them don't even know about our work. They have very normal lives.

ANGEL
They're living in a dream world.

FRANK
Precisely. No crime. No tension. Sheer bliss. We have created the society you dream about. Isn't that worth preserving?

ANGEL
Not with murder.

FRANK
Sgt. Popwell thought much the same as you. I'm disappointed you can't see the big picture.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (6) 118

ANGEL
Well, I'm happy to disappoint sir. And I'm afraid you're going to have to come with me. You're *all* going to have to come with me.

FRANK
No Nicholas, I'm afraid it's you who has to come with us...

The NWA reveal an array of weapons from under their cloaks; axes, scythes, pitchforks, knives etc.

Out of the shadows, a bruised and angry LURCH slaps a hand on ANGEL's shoulder. ANGEL is shocked. Another hand lands on his other shoulder. He turns to see-

ANGEL
Danny! No! NO!

DANNY is silent. He and LURCH wield knives and torches.

With lightening speed ANGEL ducks out of their grip, grabs LURCH's blade, spins behind DANNY and holds it to his throat. He takes DANNY's torch and shines it at the NWA.

ANGEL
Now back off or you'll be explaining to everyone how Danny accidentally tripped and cut his own head off.

The NWA continue to close in. FRANK laughs.

FRANK
Oh come on Nicholas. You haven't got it in you.

ANGEL
I MEAN IT.

They close in further.

Shit.

ANGEL throws DANNY to the ground and runs into the woods. The NWA give chase. A hoard of cloaked figures run through the trees. ANGEL sprints into the darkness-

Suddenly ANGEL trips and falls through a hole in the path.

119 INT. BLACKNESS - NIGHT 119

ANGEL crashes to a dusty floor, winded. He picks up his torch and shines it around. He seems to be inside an old GYPSY CARAVAN buried in the ground. His torch picks out a SKELETON IN GYPSY CLOTHING.

ANGEL backs up frantically, colliding with an ENTIRE FAMILY OF GYPSY SKELETONS, complete with children and dog.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

ANGEL staggers to the door which bursts open into a cave. His torch picks out many more bodies. The most recent addition, in a PURPLE SHELL SUIT is a dead PETER COCKER.

ANGEL jumps back and finds himself staring at a skeleton in a police sergeant's uniform. It has a BIG BUSHY BEARD.

ANGEL flees the cave and sees one other corpse; that of the LIVING STATUE, now frozen in a final expression of terror.

120 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 120

ANGEL slams straight into DANNY at the cave mouth.

The other NWA members gather behind, an ominous mass of shadow. DANNY produces his blade.

ANGEL
Danny! No!

DANNY plunges the knife into ANGEL's chest. We see ANGEL stagger back. His torch drops and smashes.

121 INT / EXT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT 121

A sign looms in the night - 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SANDFORD'.

A grim DANNY pulls into a dark layby in his Astra. The brake lights illuminate the sign with a hellish glow.

122 INT/EXT DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT 122

A car boot opens. DANNY stands over a bloodied ANGEL, the knife protruding from his chest.

ANGEL slowly opens his eyes and looks at DANNY with confusion. DANNY slowly opens his hand to reveal a number of empty ketchup sachets.

DANNY
Ta-daaaa.

DANNY yanks the knife out of ANGEL's chest. ANGEL produces the notebook from his breast pocket.

ANGEL
What are you doing?

DANNY
I'm supposed to put you in the front seat and push you into the gorge. Reckon if they ever find you, people will just assume you topped yourself like Mum did.

DANNY hauls ANGEL out of the car boot.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

ANGEL
Why Danny? Why?

DANNY
I don't know. Dad does it.

ANGEL
Danny, it's murder. There were skeletons back there.

DANNY
That wasn't me. I didn't know about the skellingtons. Honest. I thought it was just about rapping knuckles and sending them on their way.

ANGEL
But what about Draper, Blower, Merchant, Messenger and Tiller?

DANNY
I thought they were just accidents. I didn't know we were being Judge Judy and executioner.

ANGEL
Judge, jury and executioner.

DANNY
Go Nicholas, take my car and go back to London. Leave Sandford. There's nothing you can do.

ANGEL
I can come back. And I can bring the fury of the Metropolitan police with me.

DANNY
This place will be spotless by the time you arrive. And the only thing to suggest that this isn't the best village in Britain is another mad theory from a disgraced London police officer.

ANGEL
But you'll be here won't you Danny? We can do this together.

DANNY
We?

ANGEL
Yeah. You and me partner.

DANNY
Forget it Nicholas. It's Sandford.

A tearful DANNY pulls out his car keys. ANGEL takes them, limps to the car and drives off. In his rear view, ANGEL can just make out the figure of DANNY standing in the road.

123 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT 123

ANGEL drives down the M4. Rain lashes his windscreen. His fuel light blinks low. He reaches 'HESTON SERVICES'.

124 INT. HESTON SERVICES - NIGHT 124

A CLERK eyes ANGEL, who is covered in grime and ketchup.

CLERK
Is that everything Sir?

ANGEL's gaze has been drawn to a bargain bin full of DVDs. He scans the titles - *'OUT FOR JUSTICE', 'THE ENFORCER', 'LETHAL WEAPON', 'WALKING TALL', 'HARD TO KILL'.*

CLERK
Sir? Sir? Is there anything we can do for you?

ANGEL
No. This is something I have to do myself.

ANGEL grabs a pair of shades, a fistful of car spray paints and some bubble gum. He slams down some crumpled money.

125 EXT. SANDFORD FARM - MORNING 125

We see the 'WELCOME TO SANDFORD' sign.

It's morning outside JAMES REAPER's farm. His GREEN 4X4 pulls over to the roadside. He gets out and walks to some horses at a gate. They snort, restless. REAPER looks behind him. The ASTRA is sitting right in the middle of the road.

REAPER
Danny?

REAPER squints. It's not DANNY. Sitting behind the wheel, wearing shades and revving the engine, is ANGEL.

Reaper runs to his 4X4...ANGEL screams towards him...Reaper grabs his car radio..

SMASH. ANGEL crashes his car directly into the 4X4...REAPER is left clutching the radio and snapped cable...ANGEL springs from the ASTRA and punches REAPER out cold.

BANG...Buckshot rips into the 4X4 next to ANGEL's head...

REAPER'S MUM brandishes a shotgun from the other side of the gate. She breaks the shotgun and goes to reload.

ANGEL runs towards the gate, jumps into the air and launches into a flying kick. REAPER'S MUM snaps the shotgun shut. ANGEL lands on her, with maximum force.

126 EXT. SANDFORD FARM - MORNING 126

JAMES REAPER and his MUM are tied to the fence.

REAPER
What are you going to do? Just walk in and arrest the whole village?

ANGEL
Not exactly.

127 INT. SANDFORD STATION - MORNING 127

ANGEL glides through the quiet front office, past the straight haired DESK SERGEANT who barely looks up.

128 INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING 128

ANGEL glides through the locker room. No-one spots him. He opens his locker, and retrieves a uniform and a stab vest.

129 INT/EXT. EVIDENCE ROOM - MORNING 129

'999' is punched into the keypad. The door opens on the arsenal of weaponry. ANGEL grabs all he can carry. RIFLES and SHOTGUNS round his shoulders, PISTOLS in his belt.

The room is now completely empty, save for the sea mine.

130 INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING 130

FRANK looks at paperwork and eats ice cream. In the outer office ANGEL stands looking in. FRANK becomes aware of someone watching. He looks up but ANGEL has gone.

131 INT. STATION - MORNING 131

ANGEL glides past the DESK SERGEANT, who finally pipes up.

DESK SERGEANT
Oh Sergeant Angel? Someone from London called for you.

ANGEL scowls back at him, chewing gum, armed to the teeth.

DESK SERGEANT
I'll tell them you'll ring 'em back.

ANGEL nods and walks out. The DESK SERGEANT watches him go.

DESK SERGEANT
That's funny.

VOICE (O.S.)
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

DESK SERGEANT
I didn't know we had a mounted division.

The voice's owner joins DESK SERGEANT in peering after ANGEL. It's his *curly haired* twin brother.

THE OTHER DESK SERGEANT
Nobody tells me nothing.

132 EXT. STREET - MORNING 132

An armed ANGEL, trots down the street on a FUCKING HORSE.

He rides past a bus shelter where GABRIEL WEAVER and the HOODIES sit in their usual formation, albeit in school uniform. They stare at ANGEL, their young mouths agape.

ANGEL
Wanna do something useful?

ANGEL throws a holdall to GABRIEL. It's full of spray cans.

133 INT. STATION / CCTV OFFICE - MORNING 133

WEAVER reads the paper and daintily eats ice cream. He does not see the CCTV screens slowly turn black behind him.

134 EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING 134

Sandford. As it was that first morning. Idyllic, bustling, happy. Among the morning folk we see smiling NWA members going about their business as if nothing has happened.

We see WORKMEN putting up a banner across the middle of the street reading 'GOOD LUCK SANDFORD: VILLAGE OF THE YEAR'

ANNETTE ROPER is putting out a display in front of her shop. Her walkie-talkie crackles to life.

RADIO VOICE
Annette, that new policeman's back.

135 INT. CCTV ROOM - MORNING 135

WEAVER hears this RADIO message and finally realises that all his precious CCTV cameras have been sprayed black.

136 INT. SURGERY - MORNING 136

DR. HATCHER peers through his surgery window, his eyes wide. ANGEL is reflected passing on horse back.

137 EXT. STREET - MORNING 137

JOYCE COOPER waters the hanging baskets outside the hotel, she spots ANGEL riding up the middle of the high street.

The PORTERS peer out of the Rose and Crown, mouths agape.

REV. SHOOTER is talking to the understudies GREG and SHEREE. All three stop and stare.

AMANDA PAVER skids to a stop on her bicycle and gawps.

MR. TREACHER in his heavy coat looks on in terror.

SKINNER and his staff stare from the window of SUMMERAISLES.

DANNY is sat in the squad car in the usual parking spot. He sees ANGEL and is terrified, not knowing what to do.

138 INT. STATION - MORNING 138

WEAVER bursts into FRANK's office, panic stricken. FRANK looks up. His cheery expression dissipates immediately.

FRANK
Angel.

139 EXT. SQUARE - MORNING 139

The village has come to a stop. The NWA watch as ANGEL dismounts. Beads of sweat glisten. Eyes flick this way and that. The ordinary folk are unnerved by the hush.

A PIGEON takes flight. Without warning ANGEL blows it out of the air with his shotgun. Feathers flutter down.

ANGEL
Morning.

MR. TREACHER flings open his winter coat revealing a shot gun. ANGEL dives behind the fountain just as he fires.

The village erupts into chaos. The innocent run for cover.

The NWA mobilise. The PORTERS scurry inside. DR. HATCHER emerges from his surgery with a number of guns.

ANNETTE ROPER runs into her shop. Moments later an upper window smashes and the barrel of a gun protrudes.

DANNY sits in the car, his face a mixture of awe and panic.

ANGEL takes a look at MR. TREACHER's position. He is standing next to a MUCK SPREADER. ANGEL jumps up and fires a single shot. The valve on the MUCK SPREADER explodes. A tidal wave of manure knocks MR. TREACHER off his feet.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

Shots ring out, a hail of bullets narrowly missing ANGEL. Pedalling towards him on her cycle, firing a rifle is AMANDA PAVER. ANGEL dives out of the line of fire.

DANNY sees AMANDA PAVER in his wing mirror. His face hardens. He flings the door wide open and sends AMANDA PAVER flying through the air into a crumpled heap.

DANNY runs over to join ANGEL. ANGEL throws him a shotgun. DANNY catches it in mid air.

ANGEL
That's what I'm talking about.

Shots ricochet off the fountain. GREG and SHERRE reign fire on the two officers. ANGEL and DANNY, without a moments pause, return fire, shooting GREG in his gun hand and SHERRE in the shoulder. Both fall dramatically.

JOYCE COOPER
Fascist!

JOYCE COOPER opens fire with an antique Winchester. DANNY dives for cover. ANGEL rolls across the floor, pulling two pistols from his belt, still rolling he fires at JOYCE. One of JOYCE's hanging baskets drops directly on her head.

ANGEL
Hag!

There's a piercing yell. ANGEL turns to see BERNARD baring down fast with the ORNAMENTAL SWORD. ANGEL barely manages to draw his baton to block the attack. BERNARD swipes, slicing the baton in half. ANGEL takes out BERNARD's legs with a foot sweep. BERNARD crashes down.

DANNY is pinned down by fire from ANNETTE ROPER. ANGEL looks up to see ROPER'S gun poking out of her shop.

ANGEL sees the HOODIES hiding behind a car. He motions to the newsagent. The HOODIES stampede into the shop. The door slams. We see the notice: "ONLY ONE CHILD AT ANY TIME".

In the window, ROPER'S gun is suddenly yanked backwards. We hear muffled screams and blows. Then from behind ANGEL.

REV. SHOOTER
STOP! STOP THIS! Please. Let us put down our guns. Nicholas, my son, you may not be a man of god but surely you're a man of peace.

ANGEL
Reverend I may not be convinced about the existence of god but I am convinced that there is good and evil and I have the grace to know which is which.

REV. SHOOTER
Oh fuck off Grasshopper!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2) 139

REV. SHOOTER pulls a pistol from his cassock and fires. The bullet takes ANGEL by surprise, lodging in his stab vest.

DANNY
Noooooooooo!

DANNY returns fire at SHOOTER hitting him in the shoulder.

REV. SHOOTER
Jesus Christ!!!

DANNY runs over to ANGEL who is lying winded in the road.

ANGEL
Still feel like you're missing out?

CLICK. They turn to see DR. HATCHER pointing a shotgun.

DR. HATCHER
Drop your weapons.

DANNY
Dr. Hatcher wait.

DR. HATCHER
Shut up Danny. I brought you into this world, it's rather fitting I should be the one to take you out of it. You and your interfering little friend. Now drop them!

DANNY does so. His shotgun hits the floor. BLAM! It fires into HATCHER's leg. His knee explodes in a shower of blood. DR. HATCHER clutches his knee, wailing in pain.

ANGEL
I'm sure you can deal with it...motherfucker.

DANNY
What's next?

A shot blasts from the windows of the ROSE AND CROWN.

ANGEL
Pub?

ANGEL eyes the board outside the pub; reading 'COME ON IN!'

140 INT/EXT. ROSE AND CROWN - MORNING 140

SMASH. The pub board comes smashing through the window.

The PORTERS fire wildly from behind the bar, before a sign reading 'TWO SHOOTERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE'. They stop.

Then - the pub doors fly open. DANNY and ANGEL burst in, jumping through the air whilst both firing two guns.

They land and roll, grabbing tables to form a barricade. The PORTERS open fire again. Tables and chairs splinter.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

ANGEL pops up and fires at a bear trap on the wall. It falls and clamps it's jaws around ROY PORTER's head.

MARY PORTER
Roy! Somebody call the police!

FRANK (O.S.)
Freeze!

The entire Sandford police burst in, wearing RIOT GEAR and clutching batons. WALKER holds a growling SAXON on a leash. FRANK leads them, aiming his ANTIQUE PISTOLS at ANGEL.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Officers, arrest that man. Danny, step away from the Sergeant.

DANNY
No Dad.

FRANK
Danny, you'll do as you're told.

DANNY
No, I'm not taking orders from you any more.

FRANK
Officers, arrest these men!

ANGEL
You can arrest us if you want. You can throw us in prison and go back to being blind, submissive slaves.

WAINWRIGHT
What the fuck are you on about?

ANGEL
Have you ever wondered why the crime rate in Sandford is so low and the accident rate so high?

FISHER
No. Yes. What?

ANGEL
You've been brain washed into naivety by an old man with a murderous obsession and it's time you opened your eyes to the truth.

FRANK
This is ridiculous.

DANNY
No, it's not Dad. It's very unridiculous. And it's only now that I'm starting to realise how unridiculous it all is.

FRANK
Silence Danny! Think of your mother.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2) 140

DANNY
Mum's dead and for the first time in my life, I'm glad. Because even though she loved this village more than anything if she could see what you've become, she'd kill herself all over again.

DORIS THATCHER
Sorry, I'm completely lost.

ANGEL
Sandford is a lie. For the last twenty years the village has been controlled by Frank and the NWA. They've lulled you into thinking this is a perfect village by killing anyone who threatened to change that.

SAXON stops growling. BOB WALKER pipes up.

WALKER
Recconneeegottsummadere.

DANNY
He says he 'reckons you got something there'.

ANGEL
Thanks.

WALKER/DANNY
S'alroight.

FRANK rounds on the officers, raising his pistols at them.

FRANK
You're not seriously going to believe this man are you? He's not even from round here.

The officers look on in confused disbelief at the manic FRANK, who realises he is brandishing his weapons.

WAINWRIGHT
Maybe it's time to give it up sir.

FRANK snaps, shooting his pistols up in the air. He hits a rustic light fitting, which crashes to the ground. ANGEL and the other officers dive out of the way, as glass explodes across the main bar. Everyone scatters.

In the confusion, FRANK makes a bid for freedom through the back of the pub. ANGEL jumps up. The other officers stare after FRANK, then look to ANGEL, their new leader.

ANGEL
Come on.

FLASHCUTS; the police tool up, cuff people. PC WALKER and SAXON guard the already incapacitated NWA members. ROY PORTER still has the bear trap on his head.

141 EXT. SUMMERAISLES - MORNING 141

ANGEL leads his new recruits as they approach the car park. They take cover behind recycling bins, armed and ready.

DANNY
What you thinking?

Before Angel can answer-

FISHER
We should strike now while we have the element of surprise, the longer we wait the more time they have to mobilise. I say we go in through the front entrance and take the place aisle by aisle. They won't be expecting that.

ANGEL
Very good. What he said.

142 INT. SUMMERAILES - MORNING 142

A grim SKINNER and his gormless minions watch the CCTV.

SKINNER
Well, well, well. Here come the fuzz.

143 EXT. SUMMERAISLES - MORNING 143

The Sandford police gather near the entrance.

WAINWRIGHT
Maybe they're not in.

ANGEL
Wait here.

ANGEL goes into SUMMERAISLES through the automatic door.

DORIS THATCHER
We can't let him go in on his own.

DANNY
He knows what he's doing.

KRAAASSSHHHH! ANGEL comes flying through the front window of the shop and lands in a heap on the ground. He gets up.

ANGEL
They're in. You take the shop. I'll deal with the trolley boy.

WAINWRIGHT
Eh?

CARTWRIGHT
Eh?

LURCH strides out of the shop.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

WAINWRIGHT
Oh.

CARTWRIGHT
Oh.

DANNY leads the officers in, as ANGEL faces up to LURCH.

ANGEL
We don't have to do this Michael.
Is this what you really want?

LURCH
Yarp.

ANGEL
Suit yourself.

ANGEL runs at LURCH and headbutts him in the face.

144 INT. SUMMERAISLES - MORNING 144

The OFFICERS make their way through the supermarket aisles.

WAINWRIGHT peers round a corner. One of the GRUFF BUTCHERS throws a large meat cleaver. It shatters a tomato sauce jar next to his head. CARTWRIGHT shrieks, assuming it's blood.

Meanwhile ANGEL is being swung around by LURCH, his arms clamped tightly around LURCH's neck. ANGEL flailing legs knock produce off shelves as he clings on tight. LURCH begins to lose consciousness. He staggers past a 'WET FLOOR' sign, slips and both fall hard into a chest freezer.

ANGEL scrambles out covered in frost. LURCH is out cold.

ANGEL joins the other officers, who crouch behind shelves as they shoot at the two GRUFF BUTCHERS.

DANNY
Where's Lurch?

ANGEL
He's unconscious in the freezer.

DANNY
Did you say 'cool off'?

ANGEL
No I didn't say anything.

DANNY
Oh.

ANGEL
But you missed a bit earlier when I distracted him with the monkey, said 'Playtime's over' and hit him with the Peace Lily.

DANNY
You're off the chain!

Another cleaver whizzes by, smashing more sauce bottles.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: 144

ANGEL
What's the situation?

WAINWRIGHT
Two blokes and a lot of cutlery.
What do you reckon?

The two GRUFF BUTCHERS wait, knives drawn, ready to throw.

CRASH. ANGEL and the others tip over a shelving unit. Like dominoes the shelves crash into each other. The BUTCHERS realise too late and cower under the toppling produce.

A PIERCING SCREAM. The officers turn to see the sluttish CHECKOUT GIRL running towards them.

DORIS THATCHER grabs the 'WET FLOOR' sign and slams it into the CHECKOUT GIRL's face. She slides across the floor.

WAINWRIGHT
Nice one Doris.

DORIS THATCHER
Nothing like a bit of girl on girl.

SPLAT! The officers duck for cover. Gangly SHELF STACKERS appear, throwing a volley of melons and pineapples.

ANGEL
Can you handle this sergeant? We're going after the big boss.

FISHER
We're on it, Sarge.

ANGEL
Danny, let's roll.

WAINWRIGHT
Angel! Don't go being a twat now.

ANGEL
I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

145 EXT/INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING 145

ANGEL and DANNY burst in. The office is deserted, the window open. They see SKINNER in the car park climbing into a SQUAD CAR, driven by FRANK.

ANGEL
Let's get down there.

DANNY
How?

ANGEL
Skip.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

ANGEL and DANNY jump through the open window and land in a skip full of cardboard boxes, as FRANK's car peels off.

ANGEL
Head 'em off?

DANNY
Fuck yeah.

ANGEL and DANNY sprint down an alley, burst back into the square and race towards DANNY's SQUAD CAR.

DANNY
I'll drive.

ANGEL slides over the bonnet to the passenger side. FRANK's car screams past. DANNY gets in and flicks on the siren.

ANGEL
Punch that shit!

They screech off. Behind them we see the once picturesque square bullet riddled and blood splattered. The banner reading 'Village of the Year' flutters to the ground.

Three official looking types holding clipboards stand gobsmacked amid the debris.

146 EXT. SANDFORD STREETS - DAY 146

FRANK's car races past 'KILL YOUR SPEED' signs, hitting speed bumps in a shower of sparks. Speed cameras flash.

Behind, ANGEL and DANNY gain on them. They take turns shooting at FRANK's car as they go. It's COP ON COP.

FRANK's car hits the brow of a hill at 100mph and gets air. As it hits the road again, SKINNER spots something.

SKINNER
Swan!

FRANK panics. Swerves. Big mistake. The car careers off the road and smashes right into a sign for the 'MODEL VILLAGE'.

147 EXT. MODEL VILLAGE - DAY 147

A beautiful blue sky. The sun beams down on a perfect vista of Sandford. The idyllic shot is quickly ruined however as-

A GIGANTIC SQUAD CAR flies over what we reveal to be a miniature version of Sandford. A small GINGER HAIRED KID stares in awe as the SQUAD CAR briefly blocks out the sun.

148 EXT. ROAD - DAY 148

ANGEL and DANNY's SQUAD CAR reaches the brow of the hill.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

ANGEL
Swan.

DANNY brakes with expert timing. They screech to a stop by the waddling SWAN. ANGEL opens the door and grabs the SWAN.

149 EXT. MODEL VILLAGE - DAY 149

The SWAN now sat in the back seat, DANNY takes the SQUAD CAR into the Model Village. Ahead is a scene of devastation. FRANK's SQUAD CAR lies upturned in a water feature, a damaged sprinkler rains water down onto the model village. FRANK is motionless at the wheel.

SKINNER limps away from the crash. ANGEL jumps from the car and runs toward him. DANNY runs over to his injured father.

SKINNER swipes up the GINGER HAIRED KID and holds a pistol to his head. ANGEL freezes, stopping dead in his tracks.

SKINNER
Get back or the ginger nut gets it!

The KID thinks fast, sinking his teeth into SKINNER's hand.

SKINNER
Ow you little fucker!

SKINNER drops the kid. Before he has a chance to recover, ANGEL pounces and they both crash down into the tiny village. SKINNER's pistol skitters down a miniature street.

ANGEL and SKINNER spring back up. The sprinkler rains down as they trade blows. The low angle in the model village makes them look like GODZILLA and KING KONG.

ANGEL hits SKINNER twice hard in the face. Reaching out SKINNER grabs ANGELS's hand. ANGEL winces in pain. SKINNER sees he has discovered a weakness and exploits it. He twists ANGEL's hand whilst raining blows down on his face.

SKINNER
GET OUT OF MY VILLAGE!

ANGEL straightens himself like T2 and shakes his head.

ANGEL
It's not your village any more.

WHAM. ANGEL flattens SKINNER with one punch. SKINNER sprawls across a mini village square. ANGEL looks over to the GINGER KID, who is agog at the coolness of events.

ANGEL
Well done son. What's your name?

GINGER HAIRED KID
Aaron A. Aaronson.

ANGEL
I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

The KID's eyes go wide. ANGEL spins around. Behind is a maniacal SKINNER, holding a box cutter knife and running full pelt at ANGEL through the tiny streets.

SKINNER
Annnnnnnnnnnnnnngel!!!!!!!!!

SKINNER trips on a model Someraisles truck. His legs slip from under him, sending him flying. He spins in the air.

SPLAT. SKINNER falls hard onto the miniature church roof. A model turret has embedded itself beneath SKINNER's chin and protrudes through his mouth.

ANGEL looks to DANNY who pulls FRANK from the SQUAD CAR.

ANGEL
Danny. It's over.

SKINNER (O.S.)
Ooowwww.

SKINNER is not actually dead. He speaks, even though his neck and tongue are now pierced by the turret.

SKINNER
Ooooow, thith weally hurth. I can't feel my thongue. I'm going to need thome ice cream.

ANGEL
There's plenty of ice cream back at the station. Isn't there-

ANGEL turns to see FRANK holding a gun to DANNY's head.

ANGEL
Oh pack it in you silly bastard!

FRANK
Now, now Sergeant. We don't want any more bloodshed.

DANNY
Dad, don't do this!

ANGEL
This whole thing started because you lost someone you loved. Don't expect me to believe you'd let it end the same way Frank

FRANK crumbles, letting DANNY go. It seems as though FRANK has surrendered but a scowl spreads across his face.

FRANK
You call me sir!

He points his gun at ANGEL. DANNY leaps on FRANK wrestling the gun from him. FRANK sprints off towards ANGEL's car. DANNY aims the gun at him and is about to pull the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (2) 149

He can't. Instead he points the gun in the air and fires.

DANNY
Aaaaargh!

FRANK jumps in the car and peels off, wheels screeching.

DANNY
I'm sorry Nicholas.

ANGEL
I wouldn't expect you to shoot your own father Danny.

DANNY
No, I'm sorry I discharged my weapon into the air without due purpose.

150 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 150

FRANK looks in his rear view. No one pursues him.

However he is not alone in the car. Behind, the long slender neck of THE SWAN rears up. FRANK turns. It pounces.

151 EXT. ROAD - MORNING 151

ANGEL and DANNY watch as the CAR veers wildly and crashes into a tree. We hear the sound of distant swan battle.

ANGEL
I feel like I should say something smart.

DANNY
You don't have to say anything at all.

Behind them cars screech up and the rest of the Sandford police run over. The two officers look up to see a METROPOLITAN POLICE HELICOPTER coming to land in a field.

152 EXT. ROAD - LATER 152

FRANK sits handcuffed in the back of an ambulance, wearing a neckbrace. SKINNER is carried through shot on a stretcher, the model church spire still sticking through his face. The HOODIES record this sight on their mobiles.

SKINNER
Ow ow ow ow ow ow ow.

We see the Swan cuffed to a car door by the neck. The OLD MAN IN A CAP approaches to retrieve him.

ANGEL and DANNY sit with blankets around them. They are addressed by the three officers from the start of the film.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

CHIEF INSPECTOR
What do you say Nicholas?

INSPECTOR
We've been trying to reach you for days.

ANGEL
Well I've been kind of busy.

SERGEANT
We need you back. The figures have gone a little squiffy in your absence it has to be said.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Come back to London. Sandford's hardly fitting for such an exceptional officer.

ANGEL looks to DANNY, then back at the model Sandford.

ANGEL
Yes, but the thing is sir. I like it here. Now, if you'll excuse me we have rather a lot of paperwork to do.

153 INT/EXT. STATION - DAY 153

FASTCUTS of forms being filled, various NWA members processed; prints, mug shots etc. ROY PORTER still has the bear trap on his head. He is measured as 7 feet 5 inches.

154 INT. STATION - DAY 154

The entire Sandford force, including both DESK SERGEANTS sit quietly scribbling away. DANNY is particularly hard at work, the Peace Lily now has pride of place on his desk.

CARTWRIGHT
Bloody hell Nick, we're gonna be here all night.

FISHER
Good job we've got the manpower isn't it Andy?

DANNY
Actually, official vocab guidelines state that we say 'staffing', not 'manpower'. 'Manpower's sexist.

ANGEL
You don't mind a bit of manpower do you Doris?

DORIS THATCHER
Saucy!

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

Everyone laughs. Whoops and catcalls fill the office. ANGEL is for once the office joker.

A WASTEPAPER BASKET hits him hard on the head.

ANGEL
Hey you cheeky fucker!

Another huge laugh. ANGEL grins at DANNY, who appears suddenly grave. He follows DANNY's gaze to see TOM WEAVER. Aiming a BLUNDERBUSS at ANGEL, his face full of hate.

WEAVER
You bloody busy-body!

WEAVER fires. DANNY lunges at ANGEL, pushing him off his chair and taking full force of WEAVER's blast in the chest.

With lightening speed ANGEL slips his foot into a wastepaper basket and kicks it at WEAVER's face.

WEAVER staggers back into the evidence room. He hits the back shelf. The sea mine teeters, rolls forward and drops between WEAVER's legs, narrowly missing his crotch.

WEAVER
Oh thank god.

KA-BOOM. The sea mine goes off. The evidence room door blasts outwards. ANGEL flies backwards through the air.

SANDFORD POLICE STATION EXPLODES.

In the clearing smoke, paperwork flutters to the floor. From under the rubble, we see movement. A hedgehog crawls out, blinking in the light.

Then the Sandford Police Service, blackened but intact, *miraculously* get to their feet. A frantic ANGEL hurries over to find DANNY who lies among the debris, barely alive.

ANGEL
Hold on Danny. Everything's alright.

The officers gather round ANGEL cradling DANNY in his arms.

ANGEL
Everything's gonna be just fine.

155 EXT. SANDFORD / VARIOUS - DAY 155

CAPTION - 'One Year Later'

We see ANGEL leaving a cottage and walk up a garden path.

We see ANGEL, now an Inspector, suiting up at the station. His uniform is different however. It's more modern. Cooler.

ANGEL strolls down a station corridor. Familiar looking brightly coloured notices are pinned all around the walls.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

ANGEL walks out of the newly built station, and gets into his new SQUAD CAR. It's more modern. Cooler.

ANGEL drives along, his passenger seat conspicuously empty. He passes a skate park where GABRIEL WEAVER and friends congregate, their hoods down. His mobile rings. He answers.

ANGEL
Okay. Give me a minute.

ANGEL comes out of the florists, now called LESLIE'S GARDEN, with a bouquet of flowers and gets into his car.

He walks through the graveyard to a single headstone. We see that it reads BUTTERMAN.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Are these okay?

VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah they're lovely.

DANNY is revealed, standing next to ANGEL. He kneels down and places the flowers on a grave. ANGEL steps back, revealing the full headstone. It reads, 'IRIS BUTTERMAN'.

ANGEL's radio crackles.

DORIS THATCHER (O.S.)
Any officers near the church?

ANGEL
Go ahead Doris.

DORIS THATCHER (O.S.)
Chief, we've had a report of some hippy types messin' with the recycle bins at the supermarket.

ANGEL
Leave it with us. Sergeant Butterman. Little hand says it's time to rock and roll.

DANNY
Bring the noise.

DANNY and ANGEL race out of the graveyard. They sprint down the street. Exchange a grin. Punch the air.

FREEZE FRAME